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## OUR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

PEOPLE may talk about Reform Bills, but that which really occupies the public mind is the state of Europe and the conduct of our foreign relations. The secrecy which necessarily surrounds the business of the Foreign Office in the present critical situation of affairs immensely aggravates the general anxiety. With reference to all other questions the Government is compelled, whether it wishes it or not, to take counsel of the public opinion of the nation. In other affairs, from the greatest to the most trivial, a false step may be retrieved, and a blundering project may be either quashed or amended. But in the conduct of our diplomacy the honour and the safety of the country may be compromised in an instant, without remedy or escape, by the incapacity or folly of a single man. The nation has no cognizance of the humiliating despatch or the mean submission till it finds, all of a sudden, that its character and credit have been irretrievably damaged.

It is for these reasons that, even in the calmest and most tranquil times, the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs is one which requires the very highest abilities for the discharge of its functions. It is a serious misfortune and a grave source of danger to the country, that the charge of this critical office in the present anxious state of European affairs should be in the hands of a man who has recently shown himself utterly unequal to the conduct of the most ordinary affairs. The administration of Lord DERBY, with the singular and brilliant exception of the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, has been marked by a flat dead level of mediocrity. In the Home Office, the Board of Trade, and other great departments of the State, the quiet and regular routine of domestic business may not seriously suffer from the administration of men of whom the best that can be said is that they have been *par negotiis nec supra*. But it would be gross flattery of Lord MALMESBURY to elevate him into the class of mediocrity. His conduct of the discussions with America on the subject of the Right of Search, and the despatches laid before Parliament on the Portuguese affair, give evidence of powers very far below the average of the most ordinary intelligence. We sincerely believe that there is hardly a man in either House of Parliament who could, in so short a space, have established such irresistible proofs of hopeless incapacity. Take, for instance, the memorable and ludicrous account given by Mr. DALLAS of the scene in Downing-street, when the English Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs gave what he himself calls an "evasive answer" one day, and, on the next, at the bidding of the American Minister, wrote off in five minutes a despatch solemnly abandoning a claim which had never been advanced. It may be said that the story lost nothing by Mr. DALLAS's telling, and that he made the most of his own triumph. But we do not judge Lord MALMESBURY on any showing but his own. Just let any man read his speech on the same subject in the House of Lords. There are few Englishmen of average information and intelligence, however little specially versed in international questions, who do not understand at least the leading points in the well-known and much-canvassed question of the Right of Search. But we find the Secretary of State charged with the immense interests of this great Empire, displaying an ignorance of the very elements of the controversy which the merest schoolboy might be ashamed to confess. What we complain of in Lord MALMESBURY is not that his views are unsound, or that his policy is erroneous, but that in every word that he speaks, and every line that he writes, he proves to demonstration that he is quite incapable of apprehending the bearings of the subject with which he is called upon to deal.

Look, again, at the despatches in the Portuguese business. We do not propose in this place to discuss at further length the merits of the question itself. People may form different

judgments upon the main points of the controversy. But on the manner in which the affair was conducted by Lord MALMESBURY it is impossible that there can be two opinions. We say nothing of the style of the despatches, except that it is lucky for Her MAJESTY'S Principal Secretary for Foreign Affairs that he has not occasion to pass the Civil Service Examination for English composition. We hope at least that no clerk in the public service is permitted to draw a salary of ninety pounds a-year, who is capable of "recognising the immortal truth that time, by giving place for reason to operate, is as much a preventive as a healer of hostilities." The archives of the Foreign Office have immemorially been renowned as a literature of which England may be proud. The policy of successive Secretaries may have differed in vigour or in wisdom; but it is long since England has wanted a Secretary of State who could express the sentiments of her Government in English. This matter of form is not so immaterial as some people may be disposed to imagine. Persons who vent themselves in clumsy commonplace and confused slip-slop are pretty certain not to think with clearness or to reason with force. But it is not errors of form which are the only or the most conspicuous features of the astounding correspondence which has been laid on the table of Parliament in the affair of the *Charles et Georges*. From day to day and from letter to letter the helpless incapacity and hopeless incompetence of the English Secretary are laid bare with a painful and humiliating absurdity. As early as September 6th, Lord MALMESBURY seems to have received information of the very serious character of the difference between the French and Portuguese Governments. On the 18th, the imminence of a breach is still more strongly pressed on his attention. On the 25th, he even goes so far, in answer to an appeal of the Portuguese Government, as to promise the "friendly offices of her Majesty's Government." The time, then, had arrived when, in his own judgment, it was essential that speedy and decisive steps should be taken. But what does he do in furtherance of the pledge he has given? He writes the following vigorous and instructive despatch:—

Foreign Office, September 25, 1858.

MY LORD,—With reference to my despatch of the 23rd ultimo, I transmit to your Excellency herewith, for your information, copies of further despatches, as noted in the margin, which I have received from her Majesty's Minister at Lisbon, respecting the question in dispute between the French and Portuguese Governments, arising out of the condemnation, as a slave, by the tribunal of Mozambique, of the French vessel *Charles et Georges*, from which your Excellency will perceive that this affair has assumed a very serious aspect.

I am, &c. (Signed) MALMESBURY.

And this is positively all; for from that day down to October 6th, there is not one syllable of instruction to Lord COWLEY from the English Foreign-Office as to the language he is to employ or the course he is to pursue. On October 4th, the French squadron enters the Tagus; and then, for the first time, the English Secretary writes to "deprecate hostile proceedings." Let any man look through these papers, and give himself the trouble to examine the precise part taken by Lord MALMESBURY in the transaction. Beyond the fact of his enclosing Mr. HOWARD's despatches, without remark, to Lord COWLEY, just like any copying clerk in his own office, and his valuable contribution to political ethics on the subject of "immortal truths," he really takes no part whatever in the discussion till we arrive at the memorable despatch of October 15th. This despatch contains the sagacious suggestion on the subject of the sheik of Matabane. As so precious a morsel ought not to be overlooked, we reproduce it for the satisfaction of our readers:—

You are aware that her Majesty's Government have never shared the opinion as to the analogous nature of the French scheme for expelling the poor with that of avowed slave trade. It is not, however, with a view to that opinion, fortified by the present case, that I address you, but that a suggestion may be accepted which may solve this question of honour.

If the above statement is correct, it appears to her Majesty's Government that Portugal, without any sacrifice of her dignity and rights, may submit that

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the French delegate and captain, when negotiating for labourers with the Sheikh of Matabane, believed him to be an independent Chief, and were ignorant of his being a dependent subject of the Portuguese Government; for their contract speaks of him as of an independent ruler, having a Court of his own. Should the Portuguese Government see the transaction in this light, it appears to her Majesty's Government to be consistent with a wise indulgence to drop the prosecution of a case which originated in an error, and which might, if imprudently urged against France, be the cause of the gravest complications.

It should be remembered that, at the moment when Lord MALMESBURY offered this "suggestion" to "solve the question" of national honour, he had already been informed, in the earlier part of the correspondence, that this "contract with an independent ruler" was a forgery which had been cooked up after the judgment given in the Portuguese Court. His notion of "solving a question of national honour" is to press on the Government to whom he offers his "good offices" the necessity of telling a falsehood which it is impossible that either he or they can pretend to believe. What could Lord MALMESBURY's subordinates do with such instructions as these? Lord COWLEY tells his chief that the "suggestion" is not "applicable," and avows, with a well-bred contempt, the disgust he naturally felt at an attempt to make him the instrument of so clumsy a fraud. After the "suggestion" had thus fallen through, in consequence of the superior intelligence and sense of honour of our representatives abroad, the Portuguese very wisely thought it would be better to do the good offices for themselves than wait for any more "suggestions." On the first night of the session, Mr. DISRAELI asserted that "*Her Majesty's Government* had obtained terms for Portugal which she might have accepted with honour." If by this is intended the proposition to which Count WALEWSKI assented, and which he afterwards most dishonestly evaded, it is very obvious that "*Her Majesty's Government*" had nothing whatever to do with originating this proposal, and, in fact, that they knew nothing about it till it was finally arranged. It appears clearly, from Lord COWLEY's despatch of October 13, that the matter was really settled by the Marquis DE PAVIA and M. DE LAVRADIO. Well, Lord MALMESBURY approves the arrangement—against which, indeed, we have nothing to say. He instructs Mr. HOWARD at Lisbon to "support the French proposition," without, apparently, ever telling him what the French proposition was. In the meanwhile, Count WALEWSKI, by a fraud which we believe to be unexampled in the history of modern diplomacy, sends the Marquis DE LISLE with instructions wholly different from those proposed by M. DE LAVRADIO and supported by Lord MALMESBURY. Whereas the agreement had been that the whole question should be referred to arbitration, the French Government subsequently altered the terms of the reference, refused to submit anything but the question of indemnity, and insisted on the unconditional surrender of the ship. This proposition, so injurious to the honour of Portugal, is, under the instructions of Lord MALMESBURY, and with his approval, pressed on the acceptance of the Portuguese Government. M. DE LAVRADIO arrives at Lisbon, and protests against the change which had been made in the terms. The Portuguese Cabinet appeal to the English Minister, and it is he, in fact, who forces them to yield. Lord MALMESBURY perhaps will say that he was deceived. But where is the despatch in which he remonstrates, with the indignation which such conduct demanded, against the fraud of the "faithful ally" who had thus bamboozled and jockeyed him?

It is quite hopeless, by any amount of extracts, to give to a person who has not read these papers the faintest idea of the helpless imbecility they display. Lord MALMESBURY, in the hands of Count WALEWSKI, is more like the ploughboy at the thimble-rig table on a race-course than anything else. You see him entrapped, plundered, and bonneted before he knows where he is. Persons who remember the despatches in the Cagliari business last year may perhaps be surprised at the contrast in the style of this later correspondence. But to explain the difference between the two correspondences it is only necessary to remember that last spring Lord DERBY was in town. In October, the FOREIGN SECRETARY had to do his own work, and we see what sort of a job he made of it. It is quite plain that this sort of thing cannot go on. It is said, "the Gods themselves fight in vain against stupidity." In the dangers which menace us from every quarter of the horizon, England will have enough to do to hold her own with the most skilful seaman at the helm. Lord MALMESBURY is a pilot who is only capable of working a three-decker in the dock. These are not times when it will do to mince words on a subject of such capital consequence. We must get rid of Lord MALMESBURY at all risks. Lord DERBY has

already shown that the loss of three or four Ministers, more or less, is perfectly immaterial to his Cabinet. It is only to the higher organizations of animated nature that the amputation of a considerable portion of their bodies is a serious inconvenience. The present Administration belongs to the order of polyps, which you may chop up into bits without materially affecting their vitality or intelligence. They have got rid of ELLENBOROUGH and HENLEY, and WALPOLE and HENRY LENNOX, but they have not reached the real Jonah yet. If they will heave Lord MALMESBURY overboard, they will have done more to calm the waves of opposition than by any of the painful sacrifices to which they have already so cheerfully submitted. If the DERBY Administration cannot relieve us of Lord MALMESBURY, the country will take the remedy into its own hands and deliver us from the DERBY Administration.

#### CONFESSIONS OF THE ADMIRALTY.

IT is only common justice to Sir JOHN PAKINGTON to admit that he has performed with courage and candour the most humiliating task that ever fell to the lot of a British Minister. For the first time in the history of this country it has been officially proclaimed that the navy of England is inferior to that of France. It was time, indeed, that the truth should be confessed, and it is not too late, we trust, to apply an effectual remedy. Here is the substance of the sketch which the chief of the British Navy gave of its progress under himself and his predecessors:—"In 1812, England had 245 line-of-battle ships, while France had 113. We had then 272 frigates, and France had 72. In 1820, England possessed 146 liners and 164 frigates, and France 58 liners and 39 frigates. In 1840, England had 89 line-of-battle ships, and France 44. We had 180 frigates and France had 50. In 1850, England had 86 line-of-battle ships, and France 45; England 104 frigates, France 56." At this rate of comparative progress, the eventual superiority of France was assured, and Sir JOHN PAKINGTON tells us that last summer the Admiralty took measures to ascertain what were the facts, and found that each country had 29 line-of-battle ships capable of service, while France had 46 frigates against 34 of ours. These numbers, however, do not express the whole truth; for nine of our liners are, it appears, inferior to the worst of the French ships, and are fit only to replace the block-ships, which are already condemned as utterly useless. In line-of-battle ships there was, to use Sir JOHN PAKINGTON's own words, nominal equality, but real inferiority. In frigates, France had the superiority by no less than 12. Our inferiority was increasing every day, and, at the rate of progress then contemplated, France would, by the end of 1859, have had an advantage measured by 4 line-of-battle ships, 300 guns, and 8000 horsepower, besides a great superiority in frigates. This state of things is perilous, humiliating, and disgraceful. If we could find stronger terms, we would use them to describe the scandalous neglect by which the once predominant navy of England has been suffered to sink to the condition which Sir JOHN PAKINGTON described. Practically, the Board of Admiralty have had the command of unlimited funds. They had only to ask and to obtain what they required. In point of fact, they have taken votes for double the amount expended by France or any other country, and the result is what Sir JOHN PAKINGTON has told us.

But this is only half the tale. Not only are our ships less numerous than those of France, but we cannot even man those which we possess without a delay of from four to six months for each; while the French Government can bring together crews sufficient for their whole fleet by a mere stroke of a pen. If, moreover, the demands which distant duties make upon our force are taken into consideration, Sir CHARLES NAPIER's assertion that the French at this moment have the command both of the Mediterranean and the Channel, cannot be very far from the truth, notwithstanding Sir JOHN PAKINGTON's disclaimer of such a belief as derogatory to the reputation of England. To us it seems derogatory enough that there should be any possible question as to the command of the Channel. But Sir JOHN PAKINGTON does not tell us by what amazing mal-administration this humiliation has been brought upon us. The Admiralty could not have been taken exactly by surprise, for ships are not built in a day, and the progress of the French navy has been the constant topic of remark for years—everywhere, that is, except among the guardians of the British fleet. The figures now produced show that our inferiority is the result

of a steady gain on the part of France for many years. There was no disguise about the matter. In 1850, a public Commission propounded its scheme for increasing the French steam navy to 45, and ultimately to 50, line-of-battle ships, with at least a proportionate increase of frigates. The work was steadily pursued, in the face of the world, from that time to the present, and when it is almost complete, our Board of Admiralty discovers for the first time, in the summer of 1858, that France has outstripped us in the race of ship-building. The country was somewhat blinded during the Russian war by the appearance of some slight numerical superiority in our fleet; but the Admiralty must have known then, as well as now, that the advantage was only apparent, inasmuch as a large portion of our fleet consisted of block-ships which were worthless, and of converted 80-gun ships which were little better. Some perception of the danger which threatened seems from time to time to have reached the Board, for within the last ten years it appears that the Surveyor of the Navy proposed to build 37 ships of the line, and that orders were given for their construction. But those orders were never executed. Instead of 37 ships, 25 only were built; and during the same time 23 frigates were all that were produced, although 37 was the number decided to be necessary.

This has not been attributable to any parsimony on the part of the House of Commons. The Admiralty cannot plead want of funds, and we are at a loss to conceive what other excuse can be suggested for its failure to get its own orders carried out. An administrative Board that discovers the most essential facts years after they might easily have been known, and that is incapable of executing its own designs, is not likely to distinguish itself by frugal and efficient expenditure. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that Sir JOHN PAKINGTON's Committees appointed to investigate the state of the steam machinery and the expenditure of the dockyards should have found that considerable changes were necessary to ensure judicious and economical management. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON has so frankly admitted the right of the country to know how the money voted for the navy is expended, and why the results have not been greater, that we presume he will lay the reports of these Committees before the House. But a more comprehensive inquiry is absolutely essential, and especially one that will answer these three questions—What defect of organization has kept the Admiralty so long in the dark as to the continuous falling-off in the strength of our navy compared with those of other Powers? How does it happen that ships have been ordered and not built—and that, too, on such a scale as to leave a deficiency of 12 ships of the line and 14 frigates? And, lastly, why is the expenditure in the dockyards so utterly out of proportion to the work that is done? A thorough investigation of these matters would probably suggest the means of rendering the Admiralty machinery, if not perfect, at any rate less inefficient than it has hitherto proved. It is obviously impossible for the Government to resist a Commission after the damaging confessions which have at length been made, and we do trust that the House of Commons will not be induced, by the genuine zeal of Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, to forego an investigation which concerns much less the comparative merits of individual Ministers than the faults of an administrative system which seems framed to ensure failure, whether worked by the strongest or the feeblest hands. We have trusted implicitly to the Admiralty, and it has sacrificed our naval supremacy. It is not too much to ask that the department may be thoroughly overhauled before it undertakes the difficult task of restoring the navy to the position it has lost.

The immediate efforts by which Sir JOHN PAKINGTON proposes to commence the restoration of the navy, though very considerable when compared with the moderate achievements of late years, will still leave much to be done to bring the fleet up to its proper strength. By the end of the year we are promised an addition of 15 line-of-battle ships, 9 frigates, and 2 iron-cased vessels, similar to those which are now rapidly approaching completion in the French dockyards. The reason assigned for not doing more is that even this will tax to the utmost the power of the dockyards. If from this estimate the ships to be converted are deducted, it would seem that we have not the means of launching more than 11 large ships in a year of exceptional activity. The rapid progress made by the French shows that their powers of production cannot be far, if at all, short of this; and if this be so, it is plainly not enough to hurry on new ships for

launching, without providing fresh accommodation to enable us in future years to add to the navy, as fast as may be necessary, without being checked by the want of dockyard room. We are beginning to build ships in earnest after France has constructed a fleet stronger than our own, and if the old Admiralty rule is to continue, we shall perhaps be thinking of enlarging our dockyards when we find that France is able to turn out two ships for every one we launch.

The provision for the present year is the weakest part of Sir JOHN PAKINGTON's estimates. There was not an attempt in his speech to show how he had come to the conclusion that 38,000 seamen would be sufficient for our wants; and he seemed to think it quite enough to point out the extremely immaterial fact that the vote was larger than in former years of peace, when it was notoriously too small. The official estimate is that the Channel and Mediterranean squadrons combined will shortly amount to 12 sail of the line and 8 frigates. This is the only force which, without more men, we shall be able to display in the immediate presence of the whole navy of France. The reserves of the Manning Commission are as yet only on paper, and any considerable increase in the *personnel* of the fleet would be the work of months. The necessity for it may arise in weeks or days, and we cannot think that such a force as Sir JOHN PAKINGTON proposes is sufficient for the dignity or the safety of this country.

#### THE GOVERNMENT REFORM BILL.

IT is of all things the most difficult to separate the merits of a cause from the demerits of its upholders. As a general rule, we have little sympathy with the cant of "measures, not men." On the contrary, we are disposed to think that the most valuable political concessions may be too dearly purchased when they are the fruit of a profligate calculation and of interested inconsistency. There are men from whom, under ordinary circumstances, it is not fitting to accept services the most desired. Nevertheless, there do sometimes occur political junctures in which we are not permitted to reject altogether the employment of instruments, however unworthy, which the necessities of public affairs have rendered indispensable. We believe that the present situation of the question of Reform furnishes an example of such a juncture; and it is for this reason, and for this reason alone, that we think it right to abstain from urging, at this moment, those reflections which the conduct of the leading members of the present Administration must excite in the breasts of those who cherish a respect for the principles of public morality and the practice of political honour. It is for this reason alone that we feel restrained from examining—or rather that we find it necessary to overlook—the palpable motives by which the pending measure has been dictated, and the spirit in which it has too evidently been conceived. We don't wish to have forced upon us the preamble which stands conspicuously at the head of the Bill—"Whereas it is expedient that Her MAJESTY's present Ministers should be continued in their places." We would fain, if we could, forget that five years ago Lord DERBY proclaimed the principle of the measure which he now offers to Parliament to be destructive of the Conservative party and subversive of the first principles of the Constitution. Mr. WALPOLE and Mr. HENLEY may not be wise, but at least they are faithful to the lesson which Lord DERBY has taught them both by precept and example. We don't desire to recollect that within twelve months the leader of the Government in the House of Commons declared that the last Reform Bill was a deliberate fraud on the Constitution, and that the object of the measure which he undertook to frame would be to reverse its policy and to redress its injustice. We pass these things by for the present, not because we are inclined to regard such examples of political levity as indifferent or venial, but because, in times of great public danger, it may be necessary to accord a political amnesty even to the worst offenders. We shall not, then, question the right of Lord DERBY to consummate a career of consistent inconsistency by holding office on the terms of violating in turn every principle which he has at any time professed. Impressed with the responsibility which weighs upon those who aspire to guide national opinion, we feel that no party considerations, nor even those personal judgments of public men which naturally and properly influence the political controversies of a free people, ought to be permitted to operate on the discussion of this vital question. We must all of us, in our several capacities, endeavour to exercise

that patriotic self-restraint which shall enable us to treat a subject involving the very existence of our liberties with a single view to the paramount interests of the country. Let us, then, examine the proposition of the Government on its bare and naked merits, apart from that natural indignation and contempt with which the policy and motives of its authors irresistibly inspire us.

The primary question which presents itself is this—"Shall the Government Bill be read a second time or not?" The nature of this inquiry obviously excludes all discussion of the minor details of the project; and it is superfluous, therefore, to remark at this moment on its many grave faults both of omission and of commission. We have only to consider whether the general scope of the Bill offers a reasonable prospect of a fair and satisfactory settlement. The recent agitation of Mr. BRIGHT has proved very plainly that the question of Reform has been prematurely raised by rival Parliamentary politicians. Having been raised, however, it is clear that, in some mode or other, it must be disposed of. That the country neither desires nor will tolerate a democratic revolution Mr. BRIGHT has happily demonstrated. The utmost—we will not say that is needed—but that will be endured, is some measure which shall extend the area without changing the balance of popular power. Is the Government Bill substantially and fairly based upon this principle? We believe that it is, and for that reason we are of opinion that, in its general outline—with which alone we are just now concerned—it is entitled to support. We think that the principles on which it is framed are satisfactory, both in respect of that which it professes to accomplish and that which it refuses to attempt. It is not founded on the theory that a numerical majority ought to give the law to a free country. It is not conceived in a spirit hostile to existing institutions. It does not attempt to revolutionize the distribution of political power. It is not framed with any apparent view of giving an advantage to any particular interest or party. On the other hand, it recognises that the object of popular institutions is to represent the varied and numerous interests of which a free and wealthy community is composed. It proceeds upon the assumption that the actual institutions of this country are substantially conformable to the wishes, and adequate to the wants, of a free people. It upholds the principles of a regulated freedom against the tyranny of an un-mixed democracy. It admits that the popular power may be safely extended, but refuses to place the intelligence or the property of the country at the mercy of a numerical majority. As contradistinguished from the scheme of Mr. BRIGHT, it is a Bill for the reform of Parliament, and not a measure for the destruction of the English Constitution. These are the leading principles for which, in our controversy with the Demagogue of Birmingham, we have consistently and earnestly contended; and we recognise no considerations of parties or of persons which should withhold us from labouring to give effect to those principles in the best manner which the embarrassing and complicated state of public affairs may permit.

There are two points, admitted to be capital features of the scheme, by which it is in some quarters pretended that members of the Liberal party must be necessarily precluded from supporting the second reading of the Bill. These are—first, the omission of any provision for lowering the borough franchise, and secondly, the transfer of the freehold electors from the county to the borough register. On the first point we are very much disposed to agree with Mr. DISRAELI that the mere lowering of the *10*l.** qualification is a "coarse expedient." We will go further, and say that it involves a vicious principle. If it is founded on any principle at all, it is based on the mischievous conception of government by numbers. We believe that the mere mechanical lowering of the borough franchise is not only politically inexpedient, but that it is also (a consideration which will probably more seriously impress some politicians) a project which, in the event of an appeal to the country, would be found to excite little sympathy in the existing constituencies.

The second point is confessedly one of much greater difficulty. The plan of the Government has been somewhat unfairly represented as involving a general disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders. In the first place, however, the great majority of this class—viz., those whose freeholds are not within the limits of a Parliamentary borough—remain precisely in their present position. It is only those whose property is situated in a represented borough who will be compelled to confine their votes to the place of their residence

and holding. The principle on which the Government proposition is based is one which is sufficiently tenable in argument. It is said, with much appearance of justice, that a man ought to vote only in respect of the spot in which he is interested by occupation or property. If he resides in a Parliamentary borough, let him vote for that borough—if he resides out of the borough, let him vote for the county. Indeed, it does not seem very obvious on what principle it can be contended that a resident in a represented borough is to vote for the county in respect of his forty-shilling freehold, which would not equally prove that he ought to vote for the county in respect of his *10*l.** occupation—a pretension which we do not believe even Mr. LOCKE KING has ever urged. The indefeasible right of freeholders to county votes can hardly be maintained by the advocates of the *10*l.** occupation franchise, for the very nature of the reform on which they insist precludes the distinction which they would wish to establish. But, after all, this is not a question of logic. It is better at once to meet it upon the grounds on which the proposition is really advanced and substantially opposed. The exclusion of this section of the forty-shilling freeholders from the county elections is, in fact, the consideration by which the compact and powerful territorial interests are induced to acquiesce in the concession of the *10*l.** occupation franchise. If this question is to be settled without a protracted agitation and a mischievous struggle, it must be, in some form or another, by a compromise of contending interests; and we think, on the whole, that the terms offered are fair and reasonable, and that the advantage lies with the popular side. We agree with Lord JOHN RUSSELL that it would be highly inexpedient to exclude altogether, or even to diminish, that admixture of popular votes which modifies the predominant influence of the landed interest in the county elections. But we cannot see that any such effect is to be apprehended from the Government scheme. It is true that a section of the borough freeholders who now vote will vote no longer, but a far larger number of electors of a still more popular character will be introduced in their place. Though the freeholders of Maidstone, and Canterbury, and Dover, will be excluded from the Kent elections, still the *10*l.** householders of Ramsgate, and Margate, and Tunbridge will occupy their room; and we have no reason to suppose that the effect of such a change will be to increase the predominance of the landowners of the county. When we come to the case of counties which are studded with great and populous cities, this ground of jealousy and alarm appears to be still more unfounded. We cannot believe that this point will be held, by those who have no party objects or personal ends to serve, a sufficient justification for refusing a general assent to a scheme which, in other respects, offers perhaps the only possible solution of a perplexing embarrassment.

Reasonable men, who are governed by a just sense of the public interests, will consider what must be the inevitable result of rejecting the Government Bill on the second reading. The real and practical question is, whether it is or is not desirable that this question of Reform should be settled, and settled at once. If the Ministerial proposition is peremptorily rejected, it is very unlikely that there can be any Reform Bill this year. Even supposing that it were possible for Lord JOHN RUSSELL to take possession of the Government, and to introduce a measure of his own, it is certain that such a measure could not be carried through Parliament in the teeth of the combined opposition of the present Government and of the party which recognises Mr. BRIGHT as its leader. The alternative, therefore, is that the whole question should be kept alive without being settled, and that the country should be committed to a protracted course of democratic agitation.

*Hoc Ithacus velit et magno mercentur Atridae.*

This would be to play the game of Mr. BRIGHT with a vengeance. Of all evils it is that which is most to be deprecated, and which every sensible and patriotic man will be most eager to avert.

It is said, however, that the Government Bill will not settle the question, and that it is idle to embark on a change which has no prospect of being, if not final, at least permanent. We confess it appears to us that there is a fatal and obvious fallacy at the root of this argument. We should like to know what measure that is likely to be carried, or that has ever been suggested, is likely to be final, or even permanent. Mr. BRIGHT himself admits that his own scheme is by no means so extensive as he could wish, and that it has been

cut down and moderated to meet the weakness of the public mind and the hardness of the constituent heart. When he has obtained his little instalment on account, he will go for the unliquidated balance. If finality or permanence means a state of things in which there is to be no ulterior demand and no further agitation, we venture to affirm that there can be nothing final or permanent short of universal suffrage. Those who are still excluded will always clamour for admission. Any Reform Bill which is to be passed now must be one adapted to the present state of public opinion, and not to that public opinion which it is conjectured may exist ten, twenty, or thirty years hence. If, on the whole, the general principles of the Government measure are such as will satisfy the existing demand in the country on the subject of Reform, that measure may be considered a fair settlement of the question. If it is as much as is now wanted, it is not our business to inquire whether it is possible that at some future time more may be required. The recent agitation of Mr. BRIGHT has demonstrated how very moderate are the wishes of the country in the direction of democratic reform. From the beginning, indeed, the whole affair has been rather a Parliamentary manoeuvre than a national question. We doubt, after all that has passed, whether any one can honestly affirm that public opinion—if, indeed, it ever demanded anything at all—demands anything which in principle is more extensive than the proposed scope of the Ministerial Bill.

Upon this question, at least, the Government have certainly the intention, as they have no doubt the right, to appeal to the verdict of the constituencies; and there are many elements in the scheme which are no doubt adopted with the express object of conciliating the support of that portion of the people who are at present in possession of electoral power. The responsibility of forcing a dissolution of Parliament in the present state of public affairs, and particularly of European politics, is one which no prudent or patriotic politician will lightly assume. For our part, after a mature consideration of the Government Bill, with all its admitted flaws and imperfections, we see no sufficient reason for incurring such a responsibility by encountering it with a peremptory rejection. We find it, on the whole, to be moderate in its principles, and not unjust in its provisions. We believe that, with such modifications as it may be found practicable to introduce, it is capable of being rendered at once consistent with the maxims of the Constitution and conformable to the interests of the people. For these reasons, we have no hesitation in pronouncing in favour of the second reading of the Bill, because it offers, if not the best, at least the most practicable solution of a question which it is in the highest degree expedient to dispose of at once.

#### EVACUATION OF THE PAPAL STATES.

IT is far from improbable that the three Governments concerned in the occupation of the Papal States are equally insincere in their promises of an early evacuation. To Austria, the prospect of disturbances in Central Italy must be more than ordinarily alarming, and Cardinal ANTONELLI is by no means likely to consider practical reforms as efficient a security as irresistible garrisons. France only desires a cause of quarrel with Austria, and a pretext for retaining a strong place at Civita Vecchia which may be useful in case of an Italian war. It would be absurd to suppose that any of the potentates engaged in the negotiation feel the smallest interest in the welfare of the population which they have jointly and habitually sacrificed to diplomatic and ecclesiastical considerations. Popes and Emperors are superior to considerations of humanity, and exempt from the moral responsibility which weighs on the mass of mankind. The cause of religion and the cause of order have hitherto required the degrading misgovernment of three millions of Italians, and the Romans must be sanguine enthusiasts if they hope that their condition will be bettered by the new-fangled cause of Imperialist nationality. The allegation that the peace of Europe is endangered by the presence of foreign troops in the States of the Church rises in audacity above the ordinary level of the recent French manifesto. The capture of Rome preceded the entrance of the Austrian troops into the Legations, and the subsequent occupation by the rival Powers has lasted for ten years, not certainly without grievous injustice and oppression, but consistently with peace, and with frequent political cooperation. If there is any risk of insurrectionary movements serious

enough to lead to war, the protecting Governments might be considered to enjoy only the provisional security of the man in the proverb who held a wolf by the ears; but, however troublesome it may be found to continue the pressure, the danger consists, not in keeping hold of the wolf, but in letting him go. The bugbear of a possible contest in Italy is a mere fiction of diplomacy for the purpose of justifying foreign interference in pursuit of objects which may be either benevolent or selfish. The evils of Papal misgovernment affect the unhappy subjects of the Church, and not the Governments which make the anarchy which they perpetuate an excuse for disturbing the peace of the world.

It can scarcely be doubted that, in proposing the withdrawal of the foreign troops, Cardinal ANTONELLI has acted in concert with Austria, and that he relies on a pledge that the POPE shall, in case of need, be protected against insurrection. If the arrangement is accompanied by promises of internal improvement, the traditions of the Vatican supply many precedents of methods for evading the consequences of inconvenient pledges. The ostensible demands of the moderate party are confined to an improvement of the judicial system, to the admission of the laity to the higher administrative posts, to financial reforms, and to an extension of the power of the municipal councils. Demands of a precisely similar nature were addressed to the Government of GREGORY XVI. by the five great Powers after the suppression by the Austrians of the disturbances of 1831. The POPE temporised and negotiated, and held out hopes of improvement, until he had irritated his subjects into a second insurrection, and then, with the consent of all his protectors except England, he peremptorily refused all practical concessions. In the spring of 1831, the French seized Ancona, under the pretext of counteracting Austrian influence, and the Court of Rome soon discovered that an additional foreign garrison furnished an additional security against popular discontent. The Papal policy is distinguished by the respectable qualities of prudence and foresight, and it will not be determined, except in appearance, by the caprices and pretences of France. As long as the Church holds her possessions by an indefensible title, it will be impossible to impose the obligation of good government as a condition of her tenure. If the French Government had been in earnest in demanding internal reforms, the garrison of Rome would not have, for ten years, guaranteed the safety of the existing system of administration.

The only remedy for the anomalous condition of the Ecclesiastical States which Count CAVOUR could suggest in 1856, consisted in the substitution of a French army of occupation for the Austrian garrisons in the Legations. He was probably aware that the constitution of the Papal Government renders any serious reforms of the administration impossible. As long as all the posts of confidence are in the hands of priests, it matters little whether or not nominal authorities, in the form of councils or of lay functionaries, are placed by their side. A Pope who attempted to reign like a temporal Sovereign by the aid of laymen, would be regarded by every dignitary in Rome as a traitor to the cause of the Church. It is at least certain that PIUS IX. is too thoroughly disgusted with his own former failures ever to make any serious essay of reform. There is no reason to accuse Popes and Cardinals of a distorted desire to inflict misery on those with whose welfare they are entrusted; but the supremacy of their own caste, which is a necessary portion of the system, happens to be incompatible with prosperity and freedom. Roman Catholic Christendom, represented by two hostile autocrats, finds it necessary to its own dignity and satisfaction that the Head of the Church shall be permanently maintained at Rome, notwithstanding the repugnance of the subject population. When one of the protecting Powers, for its own purposes, suddenly insists on certain administrative changes, the POPE may naturally inquire whether his existence as a Sovereign has ceased to be a political necessity. As it is quite certain that no reform could avert his fall if foreign protection were permanently withdrawn, the advantage of accepting unwelcome advice seems highly questionable. There is no reason to fear that any French Government will proceed to extremities with a potentate who can at any moment bring the whole influence of the Church to the aid of Austria. The zealous Catholics in France itself are an active and formidable minority; and it is only in consequence of the orthodox professions and acts of the EMPEROR that the priests have given him their support. In short, PIUS IX. and Cardinal ANTONELLI are confident that

a second flight to Gaeta would lead to a second restoration by the arms of France.

In the mean time, it would be unreasonable to protest against any ostensible improvements which may be attempted in the Papal administration. The danger of revolution can scarcely be increased by minor changes, and the sufferings of the people may in some cases be diminished as long as the Ecclesiastical authorities are under the influence of alarm. Any disturbances which may arise will be inevitably, if not justly, ascribed to French intrigue, and if it has been necessary to approach the verge of a war to prevent the possibility of an insurrection, the actual occurrence of a revolt would almost certainly lead to a collision. In 1831, CASIMIR PERIER professed the doctrine of non-interference with foreign States, and the seizure of Ancona was represented as a counter-movement to the alleged Austrian violation of public law. As it now appears that France has a right to interfere wherever there is a cause, just or unjust, to defend, it is obvious that Austria cannot cross her frontier to put down disturbances without provoking the immediate hostility of France. On the whole, the proposed or rumoured evacuation adds but little to the prospects of peace. It is true that the measure was demanded by Lord CLARENDON at the Congress of Paris, and that no plausible reason can be furnished for the permanent occupation of a foreign territory. But the interference which the Central Italians have really cause to deprecate will exist as long as the Catholic Powers guarantee the perpetual immunity of the Pope. A just or plausible demand becomes odious when it is put forward for the purpose of hastening on an unnecessary quarrel. It is evident that the French Government has not spent several millions, and caused universal alarm at home and abroad, for the sole purpose of improving the condition of the Legations. When the ostensible cause of quarrel is removed, there will be abundant complications behind; and already the official press of Paris is deprecating the assumption that the concessions offered by Austria will furnish a solution of existing difficulties.

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND THE IONIANS.

IT is a curious instance of political Nemesis that the task of provoking a discussion of the Ionian question in the House of Lords should have fallen into the hands of Lord GREY, to whose passion for constitution-mongering the present complication may be considered as primarily due. The wheel has come half-circle. Whatever modification of belief in Lord SEATON's reforms the noble Ex-Secretary for the Colonies may yet retain, in spite of the impartial contemplation of their practical results since 1850, it is clear that he does not find, in the improved political temper or morality of the Ionians after ten years of a free press and household suffrage, any justification of Mr. GLADSTONE's still more rapid expansion of the theorem of Constitutionalism. It is probable that Lord GREY's interest in the success of his own experiment may have led him to watch the bubbling of the Septinsular tea-kettle with more constant and more critical attention than the member for Oxford had leisure to devote to so remote a phenomenon, until he accepted the extemporized office of Commissioner Extraordinary. Lord GREY could at any rate plead, in apology for his own defective steering, the ignorance of local currents which may excuse the navigator on an unknown sea, while the latest Lord HIGH COMMISSIONER has wilfully run foul of dangers plainly marked on the most recent charts of Ionian history. The country will be sincerely grateful to Lord GREY for dealing with the question in accordance with the lights of an *ex post facto* discretion. It may be hoped that Mr. GLADSTONE will have learnt a similar lesson before 1869.

Under the peculiar circumstances, the head of Her MAJESTY's Government had certainly a fair claim to the forbearance of Lord GREY, and to the postponement of a discussion of the whole subject until he had enjoyed an opportunity of communicating with his subordinate personally. But the necessity of exercising this right indicates that there is, so to speak, a screw loose somewhere. From Lord DERBY's putting forward, among the most prominent reasons for a remand, the statement that Mr. GLADSTONE's proposed resolutions were transmitted to the Home Government without a word of explanation, it is natural to conclude that on perusal the Government found something in their contents of which explanation was needed. The PREMIER allows that they did embody the recommendations adopted by the Government from Mr. GLADSTONE's

Report, but he does not say that they did not involve something more. His candid anxiety to say what shall be "perfectly consistent" with the statement of Lord CARNARVON on a previous night, implies a wish not to commit himself to so thorough an identification of the Government with Mr. GLADSTONE as may have been inferred from the inexperienced straightforwardness of a youthful Under-Secretary. Or, again, it may be that Lord DERBY really does wish for further information, upon which he may stand in defence of the changes of which he did actually approve. A full justification of the measures proposed in the Extraordinary Commissioner's Report would, by most people, be looked for in the Report itself; but the Government may have been so anxious to show its implicit confidence in its new ally as to have adopted his scheme of reform *en masse*, without entering into his reasons at all. Each successive step may have deduced itself so logically to the intuitive perception of the Cabinet, that no questions were asked, or were felt to need asking. In either case, it is but fair to let Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord DERBY come to a mutual understanding before Parliament begins to press inconvenient inquiries. The member for Oxford is to have the satisfaction of returning in time to take part in one of the not unimportant debates of the session, on a subject of which he must necessarily be *pars magna*. He has a right, like the gentleman bound to Tyburn at his country's expense, to restrain an impatient public by the assurance that there can be no fun before his own arrival.

There was, moreover, considerable plausibility in Lord DERBY's second plea for a respite of the discussion until the Ionian Legislature had definitively pronounced its opinion upon the changes proposed. Whatever might be the merits of the measures themselves, or whatever the judgment exercised in submitting them to that body, it would have been undignified and unwise to interfere with or influence its deliberations by pointing out to it that, in case of acceptance, those deliberations would be summarily overruled. England had nothing to gain by the forcing on of a Parliamentary debate upon the subject before the natural time for the expression of her national opinion. Incidentally, Lord DERBY was enabled to hedge on the chances of certain events; but that was a matter of greater personal interest to himself and his partners than to the country at large. Now that the Ionian Assembly has simply refused to entertain the project altogether, the Government undoubtedly is freer to take any other course than it might have been if the rejection had been based upon the ground of the unreality of the offer. It is comparatively indifferent to the nation that Lord DERBY's Cabinet may parenthetically be enabled to stave off inconvenient questions more easily, as relating to a scheme which has fallen through, and which is now therefore of no practical importance. If, after due deliberation, the Ionian Assembly had determined to accept Mr. GLADSTONE's extra-liberal offer as a whole, there would still have been time enough for the Houses of Parliament to express their respectful opinion to Her MAJESTY as to the wisdom of putting such a scheme into practice, before it had become, by her ratification, part and parcel of the Ionian Constitution. Even though Mr. GLADSTONE's essay of indiscriminate Reform has neither to be repudiated nor confirmed, it is well that the subject should be considered by Parliament in the most dispassionate and national spirit, and on the fullest and latest available information.

That an opportunity for the most ample discussion shall be afforded, is promised both by Lord DERBY and Sir E. B. LYTTON. The PREMIER did, indeed, think it might be inconsistent with the rights of the Ionian Assembly that a pledge should be given to submit to Parliament any measures voted in Corfu before Her MAJESTY sanctions them; but he is willing substantially to concede that such a course shall be taken. It is not easy to understand Lord DERBY's puzzle upon this point of international law or courtesy; and it is still more difficult to see how, if there be a puzzle, the terms of his concession overcome it. There is no legal privity whatever between the Ionian Legislature and the English Parliament. The sanction or refusal of the Protecting Sovereign is all with which the Ionians are concerned. Who Her MAJESTY's advisers may be, or what the House of Commons or the Lords may think of the Ionian Charter, is constitutionally indifferent to them. Whether or not Her MAJESTY will graciously give her faithful Parliament the opportunity of advising her on the best policy to be adopted towards the Ionian Islands, is a question of purely domestic arrangement, law, or precedent between herself and her

subjects. No pledge of Lord DERBY's in the affirmative could interfere with the rights of the Ionian Legislature, which were, in the particular case, absolutely confined to the sending through the proper channels their approval, rejection, or modification of Mr. GLADSTONE's proposed reforms for the final consideration of the Queen of ENGLAND. It might have been supposed that, after so recently receiving the polite request of the Assembly that their memorial in favour of Greek union might be forwarded for the consideration of the other European Powers, the head of her MAJESTY's Government would not have taken the earliest opportunity of offering an inch, in the shape of a volunteered doubt as to his own authority, to those who had displayed such a talent for appropriating an ell.

When the subject is once entered upon, it is to be hoped that it may be ventilated thoroughly. Whatever misappreciation of their own power to influence public opinion, through the leverage of Mr. GLADSTONE's sympathies or indiscretions, may have induced the Ionian Assembly to prefer the glory of present martyrdom to the increased liberty of seditious action which an acceptance of his scheme would infallibly have conferred upon them, the fact is a fresh proof of the utter ineptitude of that project and of the necessity for a resolute step in the opposite direction. It is no fault of Mr. GLADSTONE's that Sir HENRY STOKES is not bound hand and foot; but Sir HENRY STOKES will need, not only to have his hands free, but the assurance of intelligent support from home. Meanwhile, Parliament will do well to inquire strictly not only into the relations which the Ionians make the Protectorate bear to themselves, but those in which, under Ionian influence, it is involved towards its neighbours of the Adriatic coasts. The loudly expressed sympathies, intimate relations, and wretched intrigues fostered at Corfu, under the very eyes of the English Government, in favour of the Prince of Montenegro, might be innocuous if they did not now and then involve English reputation by an overt act in the reproach of a weak and irresolute policy of drifting on the Eastern question. It will be well, instead of confining our Protectorate (as Mr. GLADSTONE would in fact have led us to do) to a purely military occupation, to consider whether it is judicious to indulge the Ionians in the further growth of that exuberant self-esteem which even now makes them inconveniently ready to believe themselves not only the main subjects of interest, but the main arbiters of future history, in the East. It will be well also, since Parliament is in the mind for reforming our own representation, that it should take the trouble to form a practical opinion as to the expediency of perpetuating in the Seven Islands the effects of such a representative basis as is afforded by their present constituencies. This is the one institution which Mr. GLADSTONE's reforms did not interfere with. But even Lord GREY may perhaps by this time feel a doubt whether a system of household suffrage is exactly suitable to a small country under the influence of its priesthood, where many of that priesthood can neither write nor read.

#### PRIMOGENITURE.

IF there is any popular feeling against the ancient law which regulates the descent of real property, the dissatisfied class has the consolation of being entirely exempt from the evil which it denounces. Mr. LOCKE KING himself scarcely pretends to say that owners of land wish to alter the established rule of succession; and as any individual who may disapprove of primogeniture is perfectly at liberty to distribute his property among his children, Parliament is not even called upon to protect a dissentient minority. The objection to the existing system is exclusively entertained by politicians in towns, who believe, like General THOMPSON's constituents, that the eldest son must in all cases succeed to his father's land. As the orators of Bradford have evidently no real estates either in possession or expectancy, it might perhaps be convenient that they should leave younger sons to speak for themselves. Englishmen generally regard with suspicion a disinterested agitation on behalf of an uncomplaining section of the community. If the Scotch and Irish members were to insist on the repeal of the South Wales Highway Act, or if a knot of country gentlemen suddenly disapproved of the negotiability of dock-warrants, the House of Commons would probably listen to their demands with more surprise than attention. When General THOMPSON half seriously suggests, on behalf of his constituents, that primogeniture

sends the younger sons of the gentry into the public service, his argument implies that large fortunes are injurious to the general welfare, and that education and good social position are disqualifications for office. Mr. LOCKE KING, though he may perhaps entertain a similar opinion, is estopped from urging it in support of a Bill which is professedly intended only for the benefit of small proprietors. Both sides have found it difficult to discuss a measure embodying a principle which was by common consent not to be carried out.

Mr. MELLOR, however, happily remembered one unfailing argument, which, being equally applicable to all proposed innovations, is especially valuable when more specific recommendations are wanting. The same list of measures which Lord JOHN RUSSELL always recites in his autobiographical perorations is still more habitually employed as a string of precedents in favour of any constitutional changes which may be devised. The repeal of the Test Act, the Catholic Emancipation Act, and the Reform Bill, have not been ruinous to England. Why then, proceeds Mr. MELLOR, in strict accordance with the common form, should Mr. LOCKE KING's change in the distribution of real estates be more alarming or mischievous? The advantage derived from reasoning of this kind is strikingly illustrated by the inconvenience which Mr. MELLOR incurred when he afterwards deviated into the merits of the Bill which he was supporting. His pathetic description of the widow turned out of doors by the hard-hearted heir provoked Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS's suggestion that the Common Law had provided against the misfortune by the institution of dower; but the Test Act, the Reform Bill, and the rest remain wholly unrefuted, and they will no doubt be found equally available on many future occasions.

The discussion was, by general understanding, for the most part confined to the bearing of the law on small landowners, but it was not the less felt that the measure was intended as an attack on the existing distribution of property. Mr. HENLEY's cottagers and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's freeholders may be set off against the instances of hardship which necessarily occur when a landed proprietor culpably neglects to provide for his younger children; yet it may be observed that the principal effect of the Bill, until the same principle was carried farther, would consist in the absorption of small freeholds by the neighbouring proprietors. The process is already, under the influence of economical causes, advancing with sufficient rapidity, and in almost all cases of intestacy small farms would be sold to avoid the loss and inconvenience of subdivision. Mr. LOCKE KING and his genuine supporters are thinking of the peer and the squire when they affect to pity the sorrows of the intestate freeholder or of his family. Mr. MILNES candidly avows his admiration for the Belgian system of cultivation, and wishes to substitute for the bloated aristocracy of the land a happy republic of cottagers, with every rood of land maintaining or starving its man. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL passed over several steps in the argument when he proceeded to the regulations of the *Code Napoléon*, but if his defence was disproportioned to the ostensible attack, he grappled with the logical conclusion to which his adversaries must ultimately arrive.

The reformers of Bradford, and those who express their opinions in the House of Commons, believe with Mr. BRIGHT that the accumulation of landed property in the hands of a limited class involves consequences which are both politically and economically pernicious. The weavers of Glasgow have been exhorted to feel dissatisfied because it is out of their power to acquire patches of mountain land in the centre of the Highland deer forests, and more thoughtful observers have often watched with vexation the disappearance of freeholders and gentry in the neighbourhood of a great nobleman or wealthy capitalist whose ring-fence is always expanding. If Mr. BRIGHT were not obliged as an agitator to forget that he is a political economist, he would recognise the operation of the law by which the central fluid gradually attracts and sucks in the smaller globules in its vicinity; and he is probably well aware that the subdivision of the smaller masses would diminish the remaining power of resistance. Even the most loquacious dwellers in towns must have observed that the surface of England is not cut up into square patches of ten or twelve acres, and that farms, large or small, can only be cultivated on their present system with the buildings, the establishment, and the succession of crops which have been provided for a holding of a definite extent. The third part of a farm is worth little to keep, but it is worth a third of the entire value to sell. The motives which induced the father to refuse the offers

of his rich neighbour are weakened in proportion to the subdivision of his estate when it becomes the common property of his children. Mr. LOCKE KING therefore proposes to accelerate the expropriation of the classes whom he affects to protect, and to narrow the monopoly of the great landowners, who, as he truly says, seldom die intestate.

It is unluckily true that large farms and large estates are essentially economical. The yeoman who farms his own fifty acres makes, as a cultivator, ten or fifteen per cent. on the small capital employed in his business, but he can scarcely fail to discover that he purchases his independence at the cost of retaining for the greater part of his fortune an investment of the least productive kind. The owner of land which might be sold at thirty-three years' purchase is receiving three per cent. for his capital, although his inheritance may, as in the case of Lord PALMERSTON's friend, be traceable beyond the Conquest. The temptation of doubling or trebling an income, by becoming a tenant instead of a freeholder, is certain, in the great majority of instances, to prevail. The diminution of the wealth of the country by the universal establishment of Mr. MILNES's peasant proprietorships would be inadequately represented by the collective amount of the individual sacrifices which it would involve. Large farms are advantageous for the same reasons which recommend large factories, and an agitation for the introduction of the French system ought consistently to be extended to the revival of stocking-frames and hand-loom. It follows that, unless landed estates are forcibly subdivided, they will at least retain their present average size. The owners of 100*l.* a year will be every day more ready to sell, and the owners of 10,000*l.* a year more certain to buy.

Mr. LOCKE KING's Bill was intended to affirm the principle that land ought to be subdivided, as a preparation for some future enactment that the duty of breaking up estates shall be converted into a compulsory and universal rule. Experience of the rival systems of succession is by no means wanting. The *Code Napoléon* is in force over the greater part of the Continent, and one consequence is, that all education, refinement, and personal independence is confined to the towns. A French prefect drives voters to the polling-booth like a flock of sheep, because the three or four gentlemen who may perhaps be found in the department are isolated objects of popular jealousy and dislike. The enjoyment of equality under the police has been purchased at the expense of liberty and of political vitality, as well as at the cost of an enormous waste of money and labour. If Mr. MILNES were subdivided into a considerable number of peasant freeholders, Lord MALMESBURY might appoint all the heavy brigade to situations in Japan without any fear of troublesome criticism.

The great army of younger sons wisely stands aloof from the agitation against the practice of primogeniture. The social advantages of a connexion with a flourishing landed family are not inconsiderable, and the intelligent cadets, with their wits sharpened by comparative poverty, have not failed to discover that, if the law had always compelled brothers to share alike, there would probably have been nothing to divide. As all classes who possess land under the present law, or who might claim it under an opposite system, are equally content to dispense with a change, perhaps the House of Commons may not have been altogether wrong in declining to begin a social revolution.

#### THE NAVY AND THE MERCHANT SERVICE.

THE naval power of every country must ultimately depend on the extent of its merchant fleet and the prosperity of its shipping interest. Bad administration may—as, up to this time, it has done with us—deprive the navy of the support which it ought to derive from the mercantile marine; but no ingenuity can enable a nation to extend its war fleet beyond the limits imposed by the condition of its merchant service. To foster the merchant service, and to make its strength available when required for national defence, must always be the two grand aims of naval reformers. Both in the recommendations which he has offered as a member of the Manning Commission, and in his recent motion on behalf of the shipping interest, Mr. LINDSAY has shown how fully he appreciates the conditions on which the recovery of our naval supremacy depends; and though some of his recommendations are, we fear, impracticable, there can be no doubt that he has approached the subject in the right spirit. The debate which ensued upon his motion was more businesslike and satisfactory than could have been anticipated.

The idea of forcing foreign countries into more complete reciprocity, which Lord MALMESBURY's ambiguous and absurd letter had encouraged in the autumn, was given up by common consent, and the advocates of the shipowners wisely limited their complaints to grievances which it is in the power of Parliament to redress. The well-quoted statistics of the shipping trade supplied, as statistical returns generally do, ample materials for the support of opposite views. The few gloomy prophets who have survived the era of Protection found food for their monomania in the relative increase of foreign shipping—a result which, as Mr. WILSON very truly observed, proves the success rather than the failure of our Free-trade policy. On the other hand, the enormous development of our own shipping since the repeal of the Navigation-laws afforded a much more solid argument to those who, like Mr. LINDSAY, took a cheerful view of the prospects of the desponding shipowners. But the temporary depression which is felt at present by England, in common with America and other countries, is undoubtedly aggravated here by many local burdens to which our vessels are subject; and by confining the functions of his proposed Committee to the consideration of these removable evils Mr. LINDSAY has done better service to the shipping trade than if he had echoed the vain wishes in which some have indulged for retaliatory measures against foreign rivals.

Mr. LINDSAY's views on the connexion which it is desirable to establish between the Queen's and the Merchant services are very fully developed in the separate Report which he has presented as one of the Commissioners on the Manning of the Navy. He does not differ widely in principle from his brother Commissioners. All agree in recognising the necessity of a more perfect organization of the standing reserve which the Merchant service supplies, and in seeking to draw closer the bonds between the two services. The ultimate resource provided by each scheme is a body of merchant seamen liable to serve, when called upon, on board the Fleet. With this view, the majority of the Commission proposed, in the first instance, 20,000 men to be recruited from the coasting and short-voyage trade, and 5000 more who were to be allowed to ship for more distant parts. Mr. LINDSAY goes somewhat further, and suggests 18,000 of the former class, and 20,000 of the latter. On both plans, the reserve is to be raised at first by voluntary enlistment, with the inducement of a retaining fee, a pension in prospect, and some other privileges. Mr. LINDSAY's terms are much lower than those proposed by his colleagues. He thinks that 3*l.* a-year, in place of 5*l.* suggested by the Report, would attract the best men from the coasting-trade, and he would reduce the outlay for pensions by combining the arrangement with a compulsory seamen's fund.

These are very much matters of detail, but there are other points as to which Mr. LINDSAY's scheme is much bolder than the proposals of his brother Commissioners. He would draw upon the merchant service for officers as well as seamen, and thus remedy the very unsatisfactory state of the active Navy List, to which Sir JOHN PAKINGTON has called attention. We are not sanguine as to the success of this part of the scheme. Mr. LINDSAY is likely enough to be right in his opinion that some honorary distinction would suffice to make a sufficient number of the masters and mates of merchant vessels enrol themselves for service, when required, as commissioned officers in the navy. The professional qualifications of many of them may be sufficiently good, and the training and examination in gunnery which Mr. LINDSAY proposes would very probably ensure their perfect efficiency in all respects. Neither do we question the statement that the commercial navy includes a large number of young men of good education and social position. But it is notorious that it comprises men of almost every class, from the rough master of a collier to the commander of a first-class mail steamer, and the real difficulty would be in opening the door to one section without admitting the other. Proficiency in gunnery and navigation might be tested by trial and examination, but even the Civil Service Commissioners, who are ready to undertake almost anything, would shrink from the invidious duty of picking out the gentlemen from the candidates for the reserve list of Navy officers. It would be difficult to lay down any rule which would exclude the coarsest skipper from the competition, and it would certainly not tend to improve the feeling between the services if hundreds of applicants were rejected on the ground that they could not pass muster as officers and gentlemen.

We are satisfied that the attempt to pick out from merchant-ships officers for the navy would be more likely to

end in giving umbrage to both services than in promoting the cordial understanding between them which it is so desirable to maintain. But it is clear that the inadequate supply of active officers is a matter which must be dealt with; and Mr. LINDSAY has done well to call especial attention to the difficulty. One of his suggestions—namely, to increase the number of lieutenants and to abolish the rank of master—is at first sight plausible, but we do not know how far the wholesale promotion of masters would be palatable to the service. It cannot be right that the superior officers of a Queen's ship should be altogether dependent on their subordinates for the navigation of their ships, and it can scarcely be good economy to have a double staff of officers—the one to sail a ship, and the other to take her into action. But a mere transfer of duties would do little to remedy the scantiness of the numbers in almost every rank, and such changes as Mr. LINDSAY proposes could only be introduced by slow degrees. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON has already pledged himself to devise some plan for securing the services of a larger body of effective officers, and will doubtless consider such of Mr. LINDSAY's suggestions as are capable of being carried into effect.

Another important point which Mr. LINDSAY has very energetically pressed is a large increase in the strength of the Marines. Warfare is every year becoming more and more amphibious. Almost every future campaign is likely to be a combination of naval and military operations. For such purposes men trained to serve indifferently on shore or afloat will be invaluable, and England of all countries should be the first to avail herself to the fullest possible extent of such a resource. After the splendid achievements of our naval brigades in the Crimea and in India, and the part which Russian sailors took in the defence of Sebastopol, the policy of making the same men available both by land and sea can no longer be doubted, even if the acknowledged efficiency of our small corps of marines had not long since settled the question. Were it true that the proportion of marines in a crew could not be greatly increased without some loss of efficiency, it must be a great advantage to have a large reserve of men who can be relied on to work the guns of any ship for which a full complement of trained sailors is not immediately to be found.

One great advantage of this mode of strengthening our reserves is its comparative economy. The marines in reserve could be doing garrison duty in time of peace, and might be rapidly replaced by regulars or militia when any sudden increase of the fleet led to a demand for their services at sea. Although Mr. LINDSAY thinks that marines might to some extent replace seamen on board ship, at any rate on a temporary emergency, his proposal to raise the corps up to a strength of 30,000 or 35,000 men is put forward as an addition to, and not as a substitute for, the reserve of seamen which he agrees with the rest of the Commission in recommending. In the coastguard, seamen-riggers, and pensioners, he would keep up a constant reserve of about 20,000. The Naval Coast Volunteers, if they could be depended on, would furnish 10,000 more. The naval militia would, on his plan, number 38,000, and the force of marines, beyond those ordinarily at sea in time of peace, would be at least 20,000. Large as this estimate of our requirements may seem, we think that Mr. LINDSAY has conclusively shown that he has not overrated the necessities of the case, and that the scheme of the Report cannot be relied on to furnish a force adequate for every possible contingency.

On one topic we are sorry to see that Mr. LINDSAY is as reserved as the other members of the Commission. He passes over the subject of the rate of wages with an incidental remark that the seaman's pay, when other advantages are considered, is much upon a par in the navy and the merchant service. We should be glad to believe that this was the opinion of the sailors themselves, but we doubt much whether any amount of pension in prospect will appear as valuable in their eyes as the ready money which tempts them to prefer almost any ship to a man-of-war. No schemes for manning the navy by voluntary enlistment can ever be thoroughly trusted until the Queen's service becomes popular with seamen; and if an increase of wages is necessary to make it so, it is in vain to shut our eyes to the fact, or to shrink from the expense which it may entail.

#### ECCENTRICITY.

MR. MILL has lately deplored the growing uniformity of thought and habit which is, he thinks, creeping over Europe. How far this is true intellectually and morally, if society is looked at in its widest aspect, we do not wish now to

consider. But there is, at any rate, one force at work to counteract in some manner the deadly influence of social uniformity. Eccentricity is gaining ground. It is not so much that individuals more resolutely set themselves to defy the world, as that it is becoming more a matter of course that individuals should please themselves. Eccentricity is ceasing to be eccentric. The deviations from the usual standard are not so great as they used to be in persons recognised as eccentric, but the number of persons who study their own convenience and tastes is greater. We may take the instance of beards. Here was a triumph of eccentricity over routine. The first civilians who ventured to wear beards in England were great benefactors of their generation. Not that to wear a beard is a good thing, but to wear it if you like is a good thing. On a great question of propriety and respectability of appearance there is now perfect freedom of choice, and individuals do as they please. They even venture now to show the beard growing, and a friend presents himself boldly with the early fur on his lips, and we scarcely think him eccentric. This freedom of choice was partly the result of the Crimean war, and partly of the general good sense of the community. Like most good things, it sprang from a combination of luck and sound reason. But some credit is due to the beginners of every change for the better, and now that freedom of the hair is established, we must not forget that it was once an effort of courage to be hairy, and that the first Esaus were valiant and useful men in their day. Of course eccentricity is not sure to be successful. An individual may try an experiment, and no one may imitate him. The beard has been tried in the pulpit, but the use has remained very exceptional, and even the most audacious parsons usually consider that clerical decorum requires them to separate their whiskers by at least the space of a crown-piece. But the boldness which tried the beard in the pulpit may have been a valuable contribution to the public good, and it is much more charitable to regard it as a vigorous assertion of independence than as a symptom of paradoxical vanity. The beard is perhaps the most remarkable among recent instances of an eccentricity that has ceased to be eccentric without having itself in turn grown into a tyrannical custom. But there are numberless others. A man must be very weak who does not now-a-days please himself in a thousand ways which a quarter of a century ago would have been barred to all but the very rich or the very obscure.

Eccentricity is necessarily a thing of a date comparatively recent. There was no eccentricity in the old feudal society, or in the society of the Middle Ages. How could one marauding baron be more eccentric than another? Individual character of course displayed itself; and even among swineherds and goatherds there is always some rustic wit. But no one would call either Front de Beuf or Gurth eccentric. The society of the Middle Ages looks diversified and picturesque to us precisely because it was divided off into strongly-marked sections. We contrast the pilgrim, the warrior, the merchant, the priest; and as the contrast is strong, we are apt to fancy that individual life was also much more rich and varied than now. And indisputably the part which a few pre-eminent men could play then was greater than any part that could be played by individuals now. But the very rigidity with which these picturesque classes were marked off tended to hamper all freedom of individuals in daily life. An apprentice belonging to a guild, whatever other advantages he may have had over a City shopboy of the present day, had certainly not that of being more free from interference in matters of indifference. Probably the most efficient cause in producing the change of society which permits such a freedom to exist was the spirit of inquiry in matters pertaining to religion which sprang up in the sixteenth century. Religion belongs to the individual; and when the cut of the hair and the texture of the coat were made matters of religious opinion, freedom of conscience showed itself in all kinds of extraordinary costume. For two centuries, the ludicrous garb of the Quakers has reminded Englishmen that any one who pleases is at liberty to tread the path to heaven in a coal-scuttle bonnet or a protesting wide-awake. Still, the departure from the ordinary customs of society that took its origin in religious dissent was too solemn and too outrageous to come within the proper meaning of eccentricity; for the eccentric man is one who, on the majority of grounds, is expected to belong, and does belong, to the society that judges him. He has that society for the centre from which he wanders, and only on some one or more peculiar points diverges and goes off into a path of his own. It is not, therefore, until society becomes settled and easy that eccentricity comes into existence. During the last century, there were numbers of eccentric persons, who are sketched in the romances of the period, and the same kind of eccentricity that marked the last century was continued far into this. Perhaps Beckford was the best model of the old-fashioned eccentric man. English eccentricity never got to a higher pitch than when Beckford squandered his gigantic wealth in building a wall of Babylon round his park in order to prevent his neighbours occasionally following game beyond the bounds that separated his lands from theirs. There was, too, a time within the recollection of all persons in middle life when eccentricity took a more general but still an outrageous form, and a fashionable insolence prompted adventurers to wring off knockers, make dreadful noises in the street, and elude watchmen by wearing spring-heeled shoes. If we look at the career of any one of the individuals who were then eccentric, we shall probably find more

to blame than to praise in it. But looking at the eccentricity as a whole, we cannot fairly deny that it kept up, although in an excessive and outrageous form, the right of individuals to please themselves in their daily life. The world, like a school, would be very dull if it were not for the boys who are naughty without being very naughty; and we can directly trace the comparative freedom of the present day to the random efforts of social innovators.

It is very true that we often hear complaints that society is intolerably stiff, pompous, and timid. But these complaints are really only the sign that the complainants are prepared themselves, if they can but get encouragement, to venture on a little safe eccentricity. If they meant to state as a fact that society is more rigid than formerly, they ought to be asked to make their comparison definite. Much has been said lately about the absurdity of every one having the same sort of dinner; and this is supposed to show that people are more timid than they used to be. Who are the people that are more timid, and with whom are they compared? Novelists always take Bloomsbury as the pet region of social meanness. Thirty years ago, a dinner in Bloomsbury would have been, let us assume, of a more purely family character—that is, roast meat would have been the great thing offered to the guests. Where was the courage in offering roast beef to people who never looked for anything but a sirloin? The Bloomsbury dinner-giver was not a bold man asserting a principle—he was merely exercising an unreflecting and humdrum hospitality. Undoubtedly there has come over society a greater pretension to apparent equality; and if the novelists are right about their facts, side-dishes and bad champagne are now considered primary elements in Bloomsbury dinners. But before the serpent whispered the thought of this alarming grandeur into the ears of Bloomsbury, the inhabitants were not tempted at all. Courage can only be shown when temptation is to be resisted, and no one can deny that there has been great room for the display of social courage since the general movement of society to an artificial equality has spread abroad the love of pretension and show, and fostered the habit of each man aping his betters. But in a healthy society this error has always a tendency to correct itself, for why is it that this pretension exists? It is because, as wealth and education advance, a continually greater number of persons are brought into contact with the classes that have wealth, leisure, and traditional refinement. But these classes are sure always to be the least stiff and the most eccentric, because they are the most sure of their position. They are too fond of enjoyment to sacrifice the real enjoyment of pleasing themselves to the imaginary enjoyment of standing well with society, for, whatever they do, society is only too happy to pardon them. Their example descends, and just as in the first stage of imitation their inferiors cramped and tortured themselves in order to get as near as possible to a generalized aristocratic model, so, in the second stage of imitation, these same persons will copy the freedom that they find in the individuals from an imperfect acquaintance with whom this model was hastily deduced.

Education, also, has a tendency to produce a healthy eccentricity. It is something which every one who possesses it feels to be peculiarly his own, and which will remain with him however his outward appearance and daily habits may change. All eccentricity requires a certain courage, and the path to this courage is made smooth in proportion as each man, having something on which he can rely, perceives that to be courageous will cost him less. There is also a new feature in modern education that is especially suited to instil social courage. Every one travels, and in travelling sees the costumes and manners, observes the characteristic traits, and hears the opinions and beliefs, of nation after nation. The traveller finds that the human race gets on pretty well, even when it has not adopted the particular pattern on which he has tried so patiently to cut himself; and he gains at least the germ of revolutionary ideas, even if he does not care or dare to bring them to maturity. He is prepared to abandon the greatest triumph of Western conventionalism, the hat, after having been familiar with the turban and the fez, and he cannot entertain any scruples about a beard after having seen the snowy splendours that have lent dignity and grace to the Eastern patriarchs who have fed, instructed, and cheated him. Women, too, travel; and as women are the great upholders of all conventionalism, and are haunted with an innate inclination to crouch before the censure of Mrs. Grundy, it affects society widely and largely that lady travellers should gain a notion of the infinite varieties of Mrs. Grundy which the world contains. Encouraged by the absence of the type with which she has been familiar, a lady abroad ventures on licenses which she would fear at home as the remote beginnings of a possible social ostracism. At present, however, the eccentricity of ladies, being new and unrecognised, is in its outrageous stage. Unprotected females stalk over Norway in thick boots, or provoke declarations in Sicilian churches. Lively girls go on grand flirting raids to Bengal; and a lady is even said to have gone up Mount Blanc and proceeded to a ball on the evening of her descent. But soon this eccentricity will boil down. The outrageous type will fade away, and women will remain with more liberty, and a greater disposition to let the men of whom they take charge follow their own devices.

Nor, in speaking of the agencies which tend to give independence to society, ought we to forget tobacco. Nothing has counteracted so potently the stiff and starched respectability of

English decorous life as the growing use of tobacco. Every one smokes now—even Archbishops. The University Don has almost been brought out of a fossilized into a post-Adamite state under the influence of a habit which is a link between him and the youngest undergraduate. There is no such thing as colouring a pipe solemnly, and with an air of moral superiority. A smoker cannot frighten his species by any mock dignity. And not only does smoking break through the decorum of heavy respectability, but it is the best antidote to the cold, proud shyness of the nation. If two strangers meet, and merely look at each other, they may part with a mutual dislike which has really risen only from the reserve which neither has been able to get rid of. A very little smoke makes them pleasant, and induces each to come out and show himself as he is. Pharisaism is the exact opposite of eccentricity; and as it is impossible a Pharisee should present himself with a cigar in his mouth, the custom which, so far as it extends, prevents Pharisaism from appearing in public, gives a greater and greater opening for eccentricity. And if tobacco, the fusion of ranks, the education of men, and the pretty audacity of women on their outings, together with many other causes, are combining to enable persons of moderate courage to do more as they like, it ought to be said, on the other hand, that the growing liberty is kept more and more strictly within the limits that prevent its spreading into a license annoying to others. In its old form, eccentricity was often vexatious and intrusive. It did good at so great a cost that the play was often not worth the candle. But modern eccentricity is much more courteous and guarded, and, while conducing greatly to social happiness, is seldom the source of any positive annoyance.

#### THE NEW APPOINTMENTS.

WHIG historians tell us that imitation of the Whigs is the only progress open to Conservatives. Guided by the light of this axiom, we are glad to recognise the rapid advance which the Conservative Government is making. The Whigs have always acted on the opinion that Reform was far too valuable a thing ever to be given away gratis. Whatever they have yielded in policy, they have always taken out in places. For every hardly wrung concession of Reform they have amply indemnified themselves by a hearty debauch of jobs. In fact, Lord Palmerston's fall was principally due to his having exaggerated the traditional policy, and having fraudulently feasted on Howard and Clanricarde appointments before he had earned his right to them by a Reform Bill.

The Conservatives, by way of completely decking themselves out in the stolen clothes of their opponents, have adopted this Whig habit with the rest. Having done their day's work in the way of Reform, they are freely helping themselves to a day's pay in the way of patronage. Last year, when they were on their trial, and had nothing to recommend them but the helplessness which made them the puppets of the Opposition, they earned general approbation by filling their subordinate offices with men who had become distinguished without the delusive aid of rank. But now they evidently think that they are public favourites, and can afford to lay aside this enforced and ungenial purity. They have earned a treasure of supererogatory merit by the virtuous sacrifice of the Chandos clause, and may be allowed a little indulgence in the promotion of incompetent lords.

Against Mr. Sotheron Estcourt we have nothing to say, except that we pity the lawyers that have to submit to his decisions, and the House of Commons that has to submit to his speeches. It is all very well for Lord Derby, who is not obliged to sit and listen to his Home Secretary, to have appointed this ponderous specimen of bucolic worth; but what is play to him is death to the House of Commons. As President of the Poor Law Board, Mr. Sotheron Estcourt was thoroughly in his place. It is a squire's post—a brilliant man would be thrown away upon it. Every one would feel the artistic incongruity of a Poor Law President who should be eloquent on poor removals, and epigrammatic on the subject of union averages. Dulness is a positive qualification for the place; and if it is ever put up to competition, as no doubt it will be some day, it ought to be awarded to the candidate who should first send the examiners to sleep. In appointing Lord March to fill Mr. Estcourt's vacant office, Lord Derby must be confessed to have kept this standard of merit carefully in mind.

The House of Commons will miss Mr. Walpole's flowing periods and winning manner; but it may console itself with the administrative ability which both Mr. Estcourt and his successor are admitted to possess. The appointment may argue a narrow field of choice, and may weaken the Ministerial phalanx in debate; but it does not imply that utter contempt for the common decencies of jobbery which is displayed in the selection of the new Board of Trade. There can be no greater condemnation of the appointment of Lord Donoughmore and Lord Lovaine than the profound silence with which its announcement has been received. They are so utterly obscure, that the fire of critics has been silenced from sheer want of a mark to aim at. There are disagreeable animals too invisible to be caught and too minute to be pinched to death, and they enjoy the same sort of immunity as that which protects Lord Donoughmore and Lord Lovaine. What microscope is powerful enough to examine Lord Lovaine's capacity for business? What instrument is delicate enough to dissect Lord Donoughmore's powers of mind? What language is rich enough to discriminate between the inca-

capacity of the feeble Gyas and that of the feeble Cloanthus? Lord Lovaine's name may be occasionally seen by studious readers of the debates at the head of half-a-dozen sentences, of which the purport is that everything is going to the dogs, and nothing is of any use, and therefore he shall vote against the second reading of the bill. Lord Donoughmore is, if we remember rightly, the sage individual who proposed to imprison the *Examiner* for laughing at his sagacious self. Lord Lovaine is the heir of that gallant Duke whose misdeeds of 1852 the Ministry, in penitent self-abasement, are now proposing to atone for by the disfranchisement of the dockyards. This is, we believe, his only connexion with the vast marine, for the government of which he will have to answer in the House of Commons. If it were a nominal office over which these ornamental head-pieces had been placed, few would have cared to inquire whether the Ministers had been thrifty in their bargain, or whether the support purchased was worth its price. Junior Lords of the Treasury and junior Lords of the Admiralty come and go, and their changes excite no more interest than the promotion of a Beefeater. But the Board of Trade is one of the most important departments of the Empire. Whenever the law interferes to regulate the conduct or to guard the safety of the mercantile marine, the Board of Trade is its organ. The examination of masters, the care of mariners, all the numerous provisions by which Parliament has sought to restrain the cupidity of the shipowner from imperilling the safety of those whom his ships carry, are entrusted to its charge. It is equally responsible for the supervision of railways and the protection of the public from the carelessness or misconduct of railway directors. So important is this Board in general estimation, that the representative of the Liverpool merchants two years ago was urging its entire reconstruction. So weighty has it been deemed by party leaders that it has been held to require the shrewdness and experience and debating power of such men as Gladstone and Henley and Cardwell and Lowe. Till now the Board of Trade has been looked on as a novitiate to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and scarcely second to it in financial importance. Lord Derby has handed it over to men without one spark of eloquence, one glimmer of mental power—without any conceivable recommendation except the handle to their names. The copyists have excelled the copy—the pupils are in a condition to teach their teachers. The jobs of Derby are a meteor before which the jobs of Palmerston pale their ineffectual light. But Lord Derby will find that all the reefs among which he so skilfully guides his frail and shattered bark are as nothing compared to the dangers it will incur when once the people have discovered that the highest departments of the State are to be filled on the principle of the Vyse and Higgins appointments.

#### POLITICAL SCIENCE AT BELFAST.

TRUTH is said to lie at the bottom of a well—a saying which of course implies a watery and diluted medium for its discovery. Political truth in all its simplicity has been discovered, or perhaps rather recovered, by an association of the "Friends of Human Rights, meeting at the Temperance Coffee House, Belfast." Mr. John Scott, the chairman and representative of the human race, has forwarded to us this new declaration of the rights and duties of man, because, as we conjecture, he politely considers the *Saturday Review* to "be labouring among others in the cause of human progress." We appreciate this mark of confidence from Belfast, and proceed to give the manifesto of the Friends of Humanity, addressed *urbi et orbi*, such notoriety as is within our power. It is satisfactory that while peddling legislators are only caring for the narrow interests of those distinguished townships, Dalton Percy and Thorp Bulmer, which at present engage the energies of Mr. Disraeli in his praiseworthy zeal for the new constituency of Hartlepool, Mr. John Scott's wider and more ecumenical sympathies are extended to the whole human race. Anacharsis Clootz is revived in the large-hearted Chairman of the Belfast Association. There is much that is engaging in our Apostle of Humanitarianism. Born for a universe, Mr. John Scott, unlike Burke, will not narrow his mind. Destined for mankind, nothing less than all humanity can slake his generous thirst for providing everything for all men. The trifling organization he deals with, and proposes to reform and remodel, is only "human society." Although he says that this is "a Divine institution," yet, had Mr. John Scott been consulted by the Divine Author, doubtless, like King Alphonso, he could have very much improved on the sacred anti-type. At any rate, the divinely instituted association has got sadly out of gear.

"The times are out of joint—O cursed spite"—or rather, O happy spite—that we have a Scott to set them at last to rights. The Belfast Reform Bill goes to the root and essence of things. We like this. There is something grand and noble in the notion of reducing all things to the great primal diapason of abstract truth and justice by a single regenerating fiat. Like the universal *La* which is just now being settled in France, we prefer getting our One Social Harmony at a single touch of the political and social tuning-fork. All that Mr. Scott and his friends go in for is only "the security of equal rights, the perpetual practice of justice, the mutual protection, reciprocal benefits, advancing progress, equal rights, absolute rectitude, freedom of thought,

speech, action, perfect justice." This is all that he and his friends aim at producing. These things, he says, are "the very foundation of human society." "The duty of Government is to enable society to discharge these primary duties." Given these duties at work, and all will be well.

O happy earth, reality of heaven—

as the late Mr. Shelley observed when, in his *Queen Mab*, after much poetizing on old Godwin's *Political Justice*, he contemplated much the same beautiful order of ideas and things. The result will be only to remove "ignorance, the cause of poverty—to prevent vice, crime, disease, premature death—to permit benevolence and philanthropy to become practicable and possible"—as though, by a fine distinction, it might be practicable while impossible. When a set of gentlemen propose to themselves such a narrow view as this, and profess to have discovered the means to that end which all religions and governments and philosophies—all preachers, statesmen, and prophets—all books, constitutions, and laws have been in vain driving at for these weary six thousand years—when they tell us they have solved this small problem, they have a right to be listened to, though the Temperance Coffee House at Belfast is a very odd Sinai, and Mr. John Scott not quite the Moses at whose hands one would expect this new law.

"The public arrangements," then—that is, the means to these little ends—are "National Secular Education," combined with "reproductive labour for the poor, that is, furnishing productive remunerative employment." By this we suppose is meant that, when everybody knows everything that is to be known, when the doctor has graduated in the *omne scibile*, and when the universal *ouvrier* can profitably spend as much of his time as he pleases on public work which will give an adequate income for all the necessities and comforts of life to every man, woman, and child in the community, the happiness and wellbeing of the whole will be solidly secured. Thus we may fairly and frankly concede; though, to say the truth, there is a little of the *idem per idem* in Mr. Scott's Reform Bill, who thus far only describes his recipe for universal happiness by saying that he proposes to effect this by making everybody happy. And he slightly perhaps mistakes effects for causes—or, in the metaphorical language of the vulgar, puts the cart before the horse—when he enumerates as the means to his end such commonplace things as an "Eight Hours' Labour Act, inspection of mines, mills, railways, steam-vessels, &c.; improved sanitary regulations, and an abundant supply of pure air and water, the diminution of public-houses, and the inhibition of the sale of intoxicants, and the reclaiming of all the waste lands." But this will not do the good work without dealing with the inequalities and excrescences of the existing social system. What is wanted, as Mr. Scott feels, is something which will "facilitate the exchange of property, equalize the demand and supply of commodities, encourage consumption as well as production, and render it as easy to sell as to buy." This, as we understand it, means that everybody is to have everything to sell, and everybody, on the other hand, is to be ready to buy everything; and all these everythings are to be purchasable and vendible at a price accommodatingly pleasant and equally profitable to both buyer and seller—which may well be when there is to be an end of capital. On each side there is to be an unending stream flowing for ever, both upwards and downwards, of mutually convenient purchase and sale, which purchase and sale is to be all profit and no loss to both parties.

This is a pleasant sort of political economy, whether it is to be found in Utopia or Alsatia, in the *ateliers nationaux*, or in any other community of goods; and one asks, and not in vain, for the method of inaugurating this convenient barter. We find it in the establishment of "public marts or stores for the reception of all kinds of exchangeable goods, to be valued by a competent officer, either upon a corn or labour standard, the depositors to receive symbolic notes representing the value of their deposits; such notes to be made legal currency, enabling their owners to draw on the public stores to an equivalent amount." These "Symbolic Notes" are elsewhere described as "real useable wealth, which is to be adopted as the standard of value, and shall everywhere originate its own representation, which representation shall be the circulating medium, become the money, the currency of the nation." At length, then, we get at this new political machine, this new social and moral world at work; and the picture is curious to the contemplative mind. "Real useable wealth"—of which we scarcely get a definition quite so precise as would suit the sceptical minds of those who, like Mr. Muntz, have crazed through life in the self-torturing search after the abstract pound—real useable wealth is to be constantly "originating its own representation," that is, is to be for ever engaged in self-multiplying itself into symbolic notes. Like the Lucretian ideas, wealth is to be ceaselessly flinging off its own shadows of visionary yet most real *assignats*, which in a perpetual flux are to be circulating upwards and downwards in the great universal barter-stores of the nation, like Charity, twice blessing at once giver and receiver—the whole community for ever drawing and for ever accepting typical and symbolical promissory notes upon itself, which both he who draws and he who accepts finds impartially useful for providing all with all. Certainly, however, the process looks a little cumbrous, and the ebb and flow of symbolic notes might perhaps be spared in this happy state

of things, when all borrowers and all lenders, all buyers and sellers, have but to exchange for everything they want only just nothing that they can use. But have we not heard of something like this Reform Bill before? The gospel is old which proclaimed that "seven halfpenny loaves should be sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot should have ten hoops; and it should be felony to drink small beer, and all the realm shall be in common; when there shall be no money, all shall eat and drink on the Governor's score, all men shall be in one livery, that they may agree like brothers." Mr. John Cade must have been the progenitor of Mr. John Scott.

At any rate, not only is the political economy of the two communists identical, but there is a curious resemblance in the aspect of these two regenerators of society towards what they deem necessary in legal reforms. Mr. John Cade's act of accusation against the Lord Say was that, "contrary to the King's crown and dignity, he had set up a paper-mill," and had "appointed justices of the peace to call poor men before them about matters they are not able to answer, and moreover had put them in prison;" and the same veteran reformer's proclamation ran, "Burn all the records of the realm—my mouth shall be the parliament of England." Mr. John Scott scarcely improves on the old socialist's text. After denouncing the Game laws and all duties on paper, he asks for "the cancelling of all existing enactments which interfere with the freedom of legitimate action"—or, to make his meaning clearer, "the obliteration of all those iniquitous laws which make certain actions legally criminal which are in themselves naturally necessary towards securing perfect freedom in thought, word, and action in every member of society." Mr. Cade put his theory into practice, and charged and commanded not only to sack the city, but that "all men's wives should be as free as heart could wish or tongue could tell." Mr. Scott's appeal against laws which make certain actions legally criminal that are naturally necessary, points to changes which involve a community in other things than goods; and though the Belfast manifesto is a trifle more explicit as to its ultimate aims than certain Birmingham and Bradford speeches, those who are curious in undesigned coincidences may draw something more than amusement by observing what amount of principles and objects are entertained in common by Mr. John Scott and Mr. John Bright, not forgetting the third and greater John—John Cade. At any rate, it is well to remark that the immediate objects of the Belfast Association are—1. The Human Right Suffrage; 2. Equalized constituencies; 3. Annual Parliaments; 4. And the Remuneration of the Representatives. Yet we believe that, with an eye to the Woman's Rights Association, and its powerful support in the *Englishwoman's Magazine*, Mr. Scott is ahead of Mr. Bright in proposing the *Ecclesiastical* element in his Reform Bill. The Belfast Reformers suggest the payment of representatives, because it will "enable talented men and women to serve their constituencies when called away from their private business." It will certainly be a Parliamentary novelty for the Sir Hylton Jolliffe of the future to move for "leave for a month to the honourable Memberess for Maid's Norton or Husband's Bosworth, *pour faire ses couches*."

#### THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AT THE DENTIST'S.

THE religious "function" with which the House of Commons inaugurates its daily labours, and in which Ministerialists and Opposition, standing opposite each other, gravely pray that their deliberations may not be "partial," is generally a very dreary rite. The congregation is as scanty as in the pews of a City church. There are the official supplicants, of course, who take it in the day's work—the Speaker and the Clerks, and the motionless Sergeant-at-arms, who is condemned to do nothing all the night long but sit, like Patience in an arm-chair, smiling at bores. But, beyond these, the attendance is generally confined to half-a-dozen of Mr. Wilson Patten's myrmidons, who give themselves up to roads and waterworks. The ceremony has a ritual all its own. As soon as the Speaker arrives at the table, he bows to the Chaplain; the members stand up and turn towards the wall, like schoolboys in disgrace; those who are devout among them put one knee on the bench and look into their hats; and the Chaplain proceeds to mumble through a Psalm and some State Prayers. The Clerks do not consider that saying the responses comes in their day's pay; and generally the apparent connexion between the figure mumbling at the table and the members adoring the wall is so very slight, that it looks more like a Quaker's meeting with one unruly worshipper than any other known religious observance.

But on Monday, "Prayers" were a much more animated scene. Long before the Speaker came in, the benches were crowded to excess. There had not been so devoutly-minded a House of Commons since the days of Barebones. Even Alderman Salomons did not disdain the Christian ritual. Whence this sudden fever of devotion? Was it fear of the scourge of Bright, or thankfulness at the disappearance of Walpole? Alas, that it should bear a more sordid significance! The secret of it lay in a sort of premium on prayerfulness, which the House of Commons, distrusting its own much-impugned piety, has been sagacious enough to offer. It is a standing order that any member who shall be self-denying enough to come to Prayers shall have, as a reward, his seat secured to him the whole even-

ing, all interlopers notwithstanding. The result is, that the popularity of Prayers is in exact proportion to the liveliness of the very mundane party scuffle which is expected to follow them. On Monday, when the House of Commons was to hear its fate, the attendance was naturally large; and, owing to the admirable calculations of Sir Charles Barry, who has provided 400 seats for 654 senatorial carcasses, the House was absolutely crammed. Even the punctual Mr. Ayrton was wandering about discomfited on the floor; and Mr. H. Berkeley, just when his pet question was about to come on, was fain, for support, to twine himself round a pillar in a distant corner. Lord Palmerston, whose religious position relieves him from the necessity of attending Prayers, did not arrive till just before the debate began, and could only be accommodated by that painful process of wedging, to which the occupants of official benches, as a set-off to their honours, have occasionally to submit.

It was a painful interval of suspense, that half-hour before public business began. Nature was struggling for the mastery in many a palpitating Liberal breast. Mr. James Wyld might try to maintain a look of self-possession, as if Bodmin were the dwelling-place of a dense multitude, and safe from the ravages of Reform. Mr. Knatchbull Huguessen might chaff and chatter as if Sandwich were immaculate. But it was a painful effort, a ghastly merriment after all, like the facetiousness and good humour of steamboat passengers just as the tinge of yellow-green is stealing over their cheeks. Even Sir G. Hayter's smile lost something of its winning blandness. Was it possible to contrive a schedule into which Wells should not find its way? But the majority, more happily circumstanced, were waiting with impatience for the slaughter to begin. There was Mr. Edwin James, in all the respectability of a very stiff black satin tie, and a rigidly decorous demeanour to match. He had just taken the oath at the table, and in his mouth its solemn words had acquired a fresh and touching sanctity. There was Mr. Cox, sedate in the reflection that to make Finsbury worse was beyond the reach even of Tory malignity. And there was Mr. Bright, no longer rolling into his place with a burly demagogue's swagger, as on the first night of the Session, but quelled by the manifest hostility of the House, and looking as cross as a man has a right to do, who has pursued a discreditable policy and has got nothing for his pains.

At last the moment came, and Mr. Disraeli rose. He never forgets an historical conjuncture, and always on such occasions seems to be arranging his attitude to suit a possible photographer in the gallery. He throws back his coat, makes a theatrical pause, eyes the Gentile rabble in front of him for a moment with supreme contempt, and then, remembering that meekness is the fitting emblem of conscious genius, lowers his head, drops his voice, and begins in an inaudible murmur. For the first hour, like all Mr. Disraeli's exordiums, the speech was intolerably dull. It was a long history of all that had been done and all that had not been done on the subject of Reform during the last fifteen years. Members knew it all by heart; and even if they had not known it, it was not what they wanted to know. Which of them was to fall under the axe of the fatal schedules? Or, if they escaped, what new constituents were they to flatter, what new washed babies to kiss, what new hustings-lies to tell? These were the anxious questions that racked their hearts—what stomach had they for an hour's eulogistic lecture on the historical development of Reform? As period followed period, and the orator seemed to come no nearer to the Bill, the agony of the sufferers began to pass the bounds of human endurance. Mr. James Wyld could hardly keep his seat, and only found relief in cheering all Mr. Disraeli's most Tory sentiments. Mr. Collins, knowing too well that Knaresborough must go, and only begging to be put out of his pain, had no heart for the yells of applause with which he usually entertains the House, and was fain to bite his nails in moody muteness. The House maintained an uncomfortable silence. Sir Charles Napier yawned, for Southwark was safe, and his heart was light. The dirt to come could not possibly be worse eating than the dirt he had already manfully swallowed. The curl of Mr. Bright's lip grew more and more acid as he relieved himself by whispering occasional pleasantries to his neighbours, at which they tried to laugh. And, just below him, Mr. Roebuck did grin—for his favourite sin is the Toryism that apeth Whiggery.

At last the Bill came—Lord Aberdeen's Bill carefully strained and filtered. As each closely clipped change and well pared concession was announced, the spirits of the House rose as the spirits of passengers rise at sea when land is sighted, or as the spirit of the patient in the dentist's chair rises when he hears the words of deliverance—"I do not think I can do anything to your teeth to-day, Sir." Now they could cheer Mr. Disraeli's well poised periods, and could laugh at his good-humoured jokes. And when it was announced that only fifteen seats were to be taken, and that not one borough was to be disfranchised, their amiability and readiness to be amused knew no bounds. How genially they took all Mr. Disraeli's little attempts at fun—those faces that had been so gloomy and lowering but half an hour before! How they roared with laughter when he coquettishly declined to read the fatal schedule! Even the Opposition, who saw nothing but darkness before them—exclusion from Parliament if Mr. Disraeli failed, and exclusion from office if he succeeded—even they could not resist the contagion of the general delight, and Mr. James Wyld was

positively enthusiastic in his cheers. And when Mr. Baxter's rise gave the signal for dinner, gaily they all went out chatting and criticising, little heeding the menacing scowl of Bright or Roebuck's sardonic smile.

## REVIEWS.

## FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded us by the recent publication of a fourth volume,\* for calling attention to the admirable history of the *Life and Times of Madame de Maintenon*, in which the Duc de Noailles has been engaged for upwards of ten years. The first two volumes reached a second edition in 1849, the year in which their author succeeded Chateaubriand at the Académie Française. Apart from all other considerations, the work commends itself to our notice as emanating from the living representative of an ancient and illustrious family so closely connected with Madame de Maintenon. The writer seems to be discharging a kind of hereditary debt in tracing the career and vindicating the memory of one who exercised so potent an influence on the fortunes of his house. The *Histoire de Madame de Maintenon*, however, has higher claims on our notice than this fanciful "fitness of things." It is filled with remarks of singular shrewdness on the various phases of the reign of Louis Quatorze. It is written in a style the even dignity of which never lapses into stiffness or evaporates in flourishes, and which shows that the author, in his close communion with the seventeenth century, has become imbued with the spirit of the great classics of that Augustan age. Born in a prison at Niort in the year 1635, Françoise d'Aubigné, after being the widow of that crippled Thersites, Scarron, became the wedded wife of the Grand Monarque. This in itself is a career sufficiently marked by the strange vicissitudes of fortune to make a biographer's task secure of success; but the Duc de Noailles has not contented himself with this. Along with the life of Madame de Maintenon he gives us a picture of social, literary, and political history which will render his work, when complete, an invaluable repository of everything connected with that eventful era. The volume last published brings down the history to the year 1697. Madame de Maintenon had then been for twelve years the wife of Louis XIV. We cannot, of course, attempt an analysis of the four volumes, which range, it will be seen, over a period of sixty-two years. We must content ourselves with mentioning some of the more remarkable portions which have given to the work a reputation deservedly high. Beginning with the first volume, let us note the excellent chapter on the "Mouvement Social de 1600 à 1650"—a period which paved the way for that more advanced culture, social and literary, which adorned the second half of the seventeenth century. The Duc de Noailles gives us a graphic picture of the circles who met at the Hotel de Rambouillet and the quartier du Marais respectively—Scarron being the Olympian Jupiter, or rather the limping Vulcan, of the latter of these two gatherings. The chapter terminates with an admirable parallel of the French and English aristocracies. The three following chapters bring us down to the year 1674, when the Veuve Scarron finds herself established at Court as the *gouvernante* of Madame de Montespan's children. The author diverges into some general remarks on the state of the French Court and the prospects of the French Monarchy at the time when his heroine thus became more closely linked to its fortunes. Before we lay this volume down Madame Scarron has taken the name along with the property of Maintenon. The château now belongs to the author of the work before us. It was there that he sheltered Charles the Tenth in 1830. The principal interest of the second volume (1680—1685) resides in the very full details respecting the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The Duc de Noailles makes it his object—and not, we think, without success—to exonerate Madame de Maintenon from the charge so frequently (we had almost said unanimously, but we forgot Voltaire) brought against her of having been the instigator of an act which was yet more disastrous as a blunder than odious as a crime. We have read these details with great interest; but when the Duc de Noailles appeals, not in defence but in palliation of the intolerance of Louis Quatorze, to the enactments against Popery which defile our statutes, we are tempted to ask him if there be not something worse than disingenuousness in speaking of these enactments as a "code d'intolérance et de servitude qu'on n'a point abrogé encore." Had we a mind to indulge in retorts other than courteous, we need not go many weeks back in the history of French jurisprudence, or further south than Colmar, to meet with a case which shows that a Protestant Emancipation Bill would be as great a boon to France as the Catholic Emancipation Bill has been to this country. The third volume opens with an interesting account of the foundation of Saint-Cyr—an institution indissolubly bound up with all that is least open to obloquy in the character of Madame de Maintenon, who would deserve the gratitude of posterity were it merely for being the occasion of *Esther* and

*Athalie*. The family and personal affairs of the Grand Monarque form the contents of the two following chapters; and in the fourth the Duc de Noailles puts lance in tilt against a theory of which M. Cousin is the most determined advocate, and which places the decline and fall of the Grand Siècle at a period considerably too early. The whole of this chapter is well worthy of attentive study. The fourth volume (1686-1697) invites us to survey the career and character of the author's heroine, as well as to form an estimate of the influence which she exercised on the march of public affairs. Full use is made of the judgment passed on Madame de Maintenon by some of the most eminent living writers, such as M. St. Marc Girardin; and a strong impression is left on the reader's mind that the Duc de Noailles is justified in demanding a reversal of that harsh sentence which, on the authority of Saint Simon, has been passed on Scarron's widow as an artful governess who inveigled the father of her pupils into marriage. We then find ourselves amid the more stirring scenes of flood and field which terminated in the Peace of Ryswick. In these scenes the name of Noailles plays a conspicuous part. The union between the two families of Noailles and D'Aubigné by the marriage of the Maréchal's son, the Comte d'Ayen, with Madame de Maintenon's niece, figures in the concluding chapter of this volume. We congratulate the Duc de Noailles on the success which has attended his labours. However much of it may be owing to the interest of his subject, no one can be blind to the temperate spirit and conscientious industry with which he has executed the undertaking. We shall look anxiously for the sequel.

The second volume of M. Guizot's *Memoirs*\* has at length appeared. The six chapters of which it is composed commence with the Revolution of July, and terminate with the formation of the so-called Cabinet du 11 Octobre, 1832. The intervening events, rife with Parliamentary battles, form a strange contrast to the lifeless servitude beneath which the political activity of France is now bowed down. The Ministry of Casimir Perier was one of the most brilliant episodes in the history of the Government of July. Anarchy at home, and menaces of war abroad—none of these things moved him. In energy and talent he was cut out for the work assigned him; and never did the cholera inflict a more cruel blow than when it snatched away that zealous Minister of Louis Philippe. Among the most important subjects discussed by M. Guizot may be mentioned more especially the remarks on the peace-policy of Louis Philippe, on the English alliance as understood and acted on by France, on the occupation of Italy by the Austrians, and on the expedition to Ancona. It is needless to observe on the interest attaching to such subjects at the present time; though M. Guizot tells us that he reserves a fuller exposition of his views on Italy for that portion of his work which will comprise the years 1846 and 1847. We cannot refrain from quoting the following extract:—"La Révolution Française et l'empereur Napoléon I. ont jeté un certain nombre d'esprits, et quelques uns des plus distingués, dans une excitation fiévreuse qui devient une véritable maladie morale, j'allais dire morale. Il leur faut des événements immenses, soudains, étranges; ils sont incessamment occupés à défaire et à refaire des gouvernements, des nations, des religions, la société, l'Europe, le monde. Peu leur importe à quel prix: le grandeur de leur dessein les éivre et les rend indifférents aux moyens d'action, aveugles aux chances de succès. A les entendre, on dirait qu'ils disposent des éléments et des siècles; et selon qu'à l'aspect de leur ardent travail on serait saisi d'effroi ou d'espérance, on pourrait se croire aux derniers jours du monde ou aux premiers jours de la création." It is for having steadily set his face against such high-sounding rodomontade that M. Guizot holds up Louis Philippe's memory to admiration.

M. de Barante has recently published a history of the *Parlement*† during the Fronde, in the shape of a biography of the famous Mathieu Molé, to which are prefixed and appended notices of his principal ancestors and descendants respectively. This was eminently a case in which it was difficult to keep apart history and biography. For, on the one hand, all the vicissitudes of the Fronde are bound up with the deliberations and enactments of the Parlement, and on the other, Mathieu Molé, as M. Barante observes, is the representative and ideal of the Parlement. It was from that body that his character and associations took shape and hue. He defended with the same vigour the authority of the Crown and the interests of the people—he resisted with the same firmness the menaces of an infuriated mob, the intrigues of ambition, and the seductions of a Court. He was the brightest ornament and strongest bulwark of that illustrious magistrature which, in former days, guided France by their counsels and honoured it by their independence. The civil courage (so rare in France) which characterized every act of Mathieu Molé's as *Procureur-Général* under Richelieu, and as *Prémier Président* under Mazarin and the Fronde, elicited from Cardinal de Retz the famous saying—"Si ce n'était pas un blasphème de dire qu'il y a quelqu'un dans notre siècle de plus brave que M. le Prince et le grand Gustave, je dirais que c'est M. Molé." M. de Barante's severe and unimpassioned style does not carry the reader along with

\* *Memoirs pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps*. Par M. Guizot. Tome Deuxième. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1859.

† *Le Parlement et la Fronde. La Vie de Mathieu Molé*. Notices sur Edouard Molé, Procureur-Général pendant la Ligue, et M. le Comte Molé. Par le Baron de Barante, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Didier. London: Jeffs. 1859.

\* *Histoire de Madame de Maintenon et des Principaux Evénements du Règne de Louis XIV.* Par M. le Duc de Noailles, de l'Académie Française. Tomes i.-iv. Paris: Comptoir des Imprimeurs Unis. London: Williams and Norgate. 1859.

him; but the moving nature of the incidents recorded supplies any deficiencies which some might complain of in the art of the narrator. It would seem that M. de Barante undertook the work at the suggestion of the Comte de Molé, who died, it will be remembered, a few years ago, the last of his race. It is with a notice of the Minister who served successively the Empire, the Restoration, and the Government of July that the volume closes.

A few months ago we called attention to an excellent work on the *Princesse des Ursins* by M. François Combes. As a companion to this work, we have now to notice a volume of correspondence\* which M. Geoffroy has discovered at Stockholm and other places, consisting of letters from the Princesse to the Maréchale de Noailles (the mother of the Duc de Noailles who married Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, as we have seen above), to Madame de Maintenon, to Chamillart Orry, Torey, Vendôme, &c. Madame des Ursins wrote—not because she wished to say something and to say it well, but because she had something to say. Almost all the letters in this volume are on politics or on business, and the passionate energy which characterizes every act of her life breathes forth in words that burn. M. Geoffroy has done good service both to the history and to the literature of his country in publishing this volume, which, along with the elaborate Memoir of M. Combes, throws a flood of light upon a period which most histories of the time leave in comparative obscurity. Some of the noblest letters are those which the Princesse wrote when in disgrace. She returns scorn for scorn in fullest measure.

M. Emile de Bonnechose has recently brought to a completion his History of England, by the publication of two more volumes.† In the preface we learn that the author has received “des encouragements précieux dans le suffrage de quelques-uns des hommes les plus compétents en Angleterre, parmi lesquels je suis heureux de pouvoir citer Lord Macaulay.” We will not pause to inquire how far the author may have strained the terms of a civil note, but can only reiterate the favourable opinion we have already expressed on the two first volumes, which we are willing to extend to the third and fourth. We cannot but be glad that so important a work should have been executed by a man genial and impartial enough to pay a hearty homage to all that is honest and of good report in the annals of Great Britain. This impartiality has raised the bile of critics in the so-called religious press. The author consoles himself by the reflection that as these attacks are directed against him from the most opposite quarters, the probability is that, in pleasing none of the prize-fighters of religious journalism, he has succeeded in steering clear of controversial points, and in writing his history in a Christian instead of an exclusively Protestant or Romanist spirit. The volume opens with the reign of James I., and closes at the advent of the French Revolution—a period when the history of England merges, as the writer believes, into the general history of Europe. We have been much struck with the portraits which M. de Bonnechose gives of Charles II. and Cromwell, William III. and Sir Robert Walpole. The parallel drawn between Charles and Louis Quinze on the one hand, and between Cromwell and Napoleon on the other, are the work of a master hand. Large as are the writer's obligations to Lord Macaulay, Earl Stanhope, and the lamented Hallam, it is evident that he can think for himself.

As we write these lines we receive two octavo volumes by M. Jules Simon, entitled *La Liberté*.‡ The author of *Le Devoir*, *La Religion Naturelle*, and *La Liberté de Conscience*, keeps on undismayed by all the discouragements which await the friend of liberty in France, and adds to his former labours a fresh monument of that sound and practical philosophy which he has made it his mission to bring home to the hearts of his countrymen. We have only had time to glance at the pages of the work before us, and can but give a very general notion of its contents. It is divided into four parts, of which the first, entitled *Introduction*, occupies 267 pages, and is itself divided into three chapters, headed respectively, I. La Morale, II. La Liberté, III. L'Autorité. M. Jules Simon makes it his object to show in this introduction that bodies politic have no immunity from those moral laws which claim the homage of individuals, and that, man having been created free, “no organization of human society can be legitimate if its aim and effect be not to protect and develop liberty.” On turning from philosophy to history, he learns that the “nature and effects of liberty have always been misunderstood in France.” After a lengthy examination of the rights involved in the word liberty, M. Simon proceeds to refute those writers who have endeavoured to found a principle of authority on any footing other than that of “social necessity;” and he is thus led to the conclusion that authority is only legitimate in as far as it is strictly necessary, and no farther. We refer the reader to page 261 for fuller details as to the limits within which “necessary authority” is confined. Suffice it to say that the progress of civilization tends to contract those limits more and more. It would seem that the object of the three following Parts is to point out the practical application of this gradual contraction of authority or State interference, to every phase of

human society. This last may be regarded under three aspects —“La société domestique, ou la Famille; la société politique, ou l'Etat; la société religieuse, ou la Science.” It is from these three divisions that the Books into which the body of the work is separated take their titles. Some idea of the drift of the writer's sentiments may be gathered from the following extract:—

Une société politique libre est celle qui respecte les rapports naturels de la société domestique et de la société religieuse. Elle laisse le citoyen maître de sa famille, de sa propriété et de son travail. Elle le laisse maître de sa foi. Elle ne se place entre lui et la vérité, entre lui et Dieu. Elle n'ajoute pas des entraves forgées de main d'homme aux difficultés que lui crée la faiblesse native de l'intelligence humaine. J'entre dans la famille. Tout y respire l'autorité, le respect, l'amour. Sur la place publique l'égalité réparaît. La loi consentie par tous, ne doit opprimer personne. . . . Elle n'est légitime qu'à condition d'être nécessaire, et dans la stricte mesure de la nécessité. Obligé dans mes actes, de me conformer à la loi, parce que la liberté d'action a besoin de l'ordre, je suis, pour ainsi dire, débarrassé du reste de l'humanité quand je me recueille en moi-même pour étudier la nature et les principes des choses. Là mon commerce est avec Dieu, et je ne reconnais plus d'autorité étrangère. Telle est la liberté.

M. Jules Simon, as might have been expected, has abstained from indulging in impotent epigrams against the present state of things. “On cherchera en vain dans les pages qui vont suivre la trace de nos passions actuelles. J'ai voulu ne faire que de la science, et j'espère y avoir réussi.”

We are not at all confident that M. Ampère has done much to raise his reputation by his volume of history dramatized\* in verse, which, to say the least, is of very unequal merit. The author follows Cæsar's career from the commencement to the close. His first entrance into political life, Catiline's conspiracy, Cæsar's expedition to Spain, the campaigns in Gaul, the Civil War, and lastly, the conspiracy which ended in Cæsar's death—all these are laid before us in succession with a readiness which shows indeed a wonderful familiarity with Roman history and manners (and we might add with Shakspeare) but which stops there, and has few of the qualities of a work of art. How could it be otherwise? The volume is a hybrid composition; it is neither history nor drama; it seems to be merely a clandestine attempt to put into circulation some clever hits against Cæsar's of any age or time. The gem of the volume is a dialogue, towards the close, between Cæsar and Cicero. The art with which the triumphant dictator tickles the weak vanity and evades the awkward allusions of the Roman orator is set forth with wonderful power.

#### THE LIFE OF CHARLES JAMES FOX.†

IT may perhaps be considered a defect in Lord John Russell's work that it is not a Life of Fox, although it contains an abridgment of some portions of the Parliamentary history of his Times. Occasionally, the author seems to have cherished the more comprehensive ambition of writing the history of America, or perhaps of modern Christendom. The fourth chapter commences with the statement that “the adoption of the plans of Columbus by Ferdinand and Isabella led to the acquisition of immense possessions by those Sovereigns.” Nor is there any suggestion of the obvious antithesis that “the non-adoption of the plans of Fox by George III. led to the loss of immense possessions by that Sovereign;” for Lord John Russell proceeds, with much truth and eloquence, to observe that “the valour of the Mexicans, the gentleness of the Peruvians, were unable to cope with the bold genius of Cortes, or to resist even for a time the merciless ferocity of Pizarro.” The interval between the appearance of the twin swan-eggs of Leda and the end of the Trojan War was less in duration, and in the remoteness of effects from causes, than the enterprise of Columbus from the formation of the Rockingham party. *Quanto rectius hic*—how much more to the purpose is the information at the beginning of the book that Sir Stephen Fox, father of the first Lord Holland, held several subordinate offices in the reigns of Charles II. and William III.

To do Lord John Russell justice, he seldom interrupts his narrative by gratuitous bursts of historical eloquence; and his occasional desire to introduce a purple patch may be excused by the colourless monotony of his principal fabric. He always writes like a gentleman—his judgments are generally well-founded—he is laudably free from the factious narrowness of an ordinary partisan—but, with the exception of a few sensible reflections, he has nothing to say but what has been published twenty times before. Within a twelvemonth, Mr. Macknight has gone over precisely the same ground in his elaborate *Life of Burke*; and every essay which has been written on George III., Lord Chatham, Horace Walpole, Lord Rockingham, or Lord North—all the contemporary memoirs and correspondence, and their accompanying notes and prefaces—repeat the story which, in another form, occupies the first three or four volumes of every indigenous American history. In the absence of materials which might have illustrated Fox's life and character, Lord John Russell quotes long passages from Lord Chatham's speeches, and prints at full length the official Declaration of Independence, side by side with Jefferson's original draft of that ambitious document. It may be hoped that his own biographer will not disappoint the legitimate curiosity of future generations by substituting a copy of the Catholic Emancipation Bill for a faithful portrait of the last hereditary leader of the Whigs.

\* *Cæsar. Scènes Historiques.* Par J. J. Ampère, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1859.

† *The Life and Times of Charles James Fox.* By Lord John Russell. Vol. I. London: Bentley. 1859.

\* *Lettres Inédites de la Princesse des Ursins.* Recueillies et publiées, avec une Introduction et des Notes, par M. A. Geoffroy. Paris: Didier. London: Jeffs. 1859.

† *Histoire d'Angleterre, jusqu'à l'époque de la Révolution Française.* Par M. Emile de Bonnechose. Tomes iii. et iv. Paris: Didier. London: Jeffs. 1859.

‡ *La Liberté.* Par Jules Simon. 2 vols. Paris: Hachette. London: Jeffs. 1859.

A real Life of Fox would be a valuable addition to biographical literature, for, in default of such a record, his traditional reputation becomes every day more difficult to understand. Lord Erskine, who says that the fragments of his speeches are the visible bones of a giant, was himself familiar with the living organization which he figuratively supposed himself to rediscover. To more recent and impartial observers, the records of Fox's eloquence appear at best not wholly incompatible with the fame and reported influence of the orator. The letters which were published some time since by Lord John Russell can scarcely be thought to indicate any moral or intellectual greatness in the writer. It is evident that he loved his nephew, and that he liked his friends, and they probably liked him the better because he so thoroughly hated his and their enemies. His literary criticisms are genial, though never profound; his political judgments are incredibly shallow, violent, and one-sided. It is difficult to comprehend the perversity of a practical statesman who could approve of the deposition of Louis XVI. on the 10th of August, because, forsooth, the conduct of the King towards the Legislative Assembly had not been strictly consistent with Whig principles. In the whole collection of letters there is not a sentence which indicates an occasional feeling of generosity towards Pitt, or George III., or any other political enemy. When the possibility of a French invasion is discussed, Fox doubts whether the usurpation of Bonaparte would be a greater evil than the existing despotism; and he rejoices in a fall of the funds, because, although he professes not to understand the subject, he has observed that such occurrences always give annoyance to Pitt. If there were no other materials for estimating the character of the great Whig leader, the obscurity which is closing round the history of his personal career would seem at once natural and satisfactory; but if the bones which have been preserved appear at first sight to belong to a being of ordinary stature, it is not the less necessary to account for the footsteps, which assuredly belong to a giant. All contemporary records by Fox's friends dwell on a peculiar sweetness of nature which was never erroneously attributed to any man; and it is certain that he had the genius, the boldness, and the generosity which both attract affection and convert it into loyal devotion. The trifling circumstance that all his associates habitually spoke of him as "Charles," indicates both the kindly familiarity of his disposition and the pride with which a share in his intimacy was claimed and maintained. The proof of his personal superiority is found in the rapidity with which he assumed the lead of his party, and in his undisputed primacy to the day of his death. At twenty-five he was an audacious Tory subordinate, at twenty-eight he had become Parliamentary chief of the Whigs. The great aristocratic houses willingly followed the cadet of a new and unpopular family, and Burke himself was content to place his knowledge and genius at the disposal of his younger and more fortunate ally. Eighty years ago, the extravagance and immorality of Fox's private conduct excited among his equals a sympathy which was strangely compounded of admiring envy and compassion. Even the more rigid judgment of the present generation may admit that he possessed one of those gifted natures from which vice runs off without leaving a stain below the surface. When his early follies had lost their zest, there remained a cheerful and manly character, occupied with intellectual tastes, and open to all simple and natural pleasures. The spring of his being was so fresh and abundant that the turbid stream of his youth had time to run itself clear. The penalty of his errors consisted in a deficiency of practical wisdom, and consequently in a lifelong failure of success; but neither pecuniary embarrassment nor political disappointment was able to sour his genial and happy disposition. In his later life his principal grievance consisted in the occasional necessity of exchanging the flowers and nightingales of St. Anne's Hill for the smoke and tumult of London.

The moral advantage of great intellectual power was admirably illustrated by the conversion of the unprincipled adventurer who sat at Lord North's Board of Admiralty, into the steady enthusiast of the American struggle and the efficient Foreign Secretary of Lord Rockingham's Administration. Lord John Russell notices the insane laxity of Fox's education, but he says nothing of the society in which he first learned to disbelieve in patriotism, in conscience, and in public duty. Some account of his early associates, and of the fashionable opinions of the time, might have been advantageously substituted for long speeches and documents extracted from the *Annual Register*. From the lowest school of morality which could have been found in England, Fox passed at nineteen into the House of Commons with all the readiness of an active mind and a vivacious temperament to better the instruction which he had received. In two or three sessions he had satiated his vanity by the establishment of a great oratorical reputation, and by an ostentatious display of indifference to political principle, to public opinions, and to self-respect. Fools of all descriptions, intrinsic and accidental, come into the world as well as into church to scoff, but unless they are fools by nature they remain to work. Every sound intellect, once brought into contact with reality, discovers the necessity of conforming to natural laws, and the folly of expending in purposeless fireworks the force which may be applied to effective projectiles. In public, if not in private life, stupidity is the only incurable vice, and Fox, with all his innate and acquired defects, could certainly not be considered stupid. It was probably from Burke that he first learned the meaning of conscience, and in

his alliance with Lord Rockingham he acquired an indistinct impression of the advantages of respectability. The defence of the American claims supplied a cause which might be advocated with sincerity and fervour, especially when the contest involved continual opportunities of thwarting and insulting the King.

Few readers will be disposed to question Lord John Russell's opinion that George III. and Lord North were, on the whole, in the wrong; yet the obstinate determination to tax the colonists was rather an error in judgment than an outrage on the Constitution. Lord Chatham's eloquent protests against taxation without representation are so obsolete as to be only intelligible to historical students, and the incredible feebleness with which the war was prosecuted furnishes the best commentary on the patriotic commonplace that the success of the Ministry would have prepared the way for an attempt on the liberties of England. Lord John Russell judiciously remarks that the elaborate Declaration of Independence scarcely refers to the original pretext of the war. Wise statesmen would have given way, not to the legal logic of the colonists, but to the considerations of expediency which have since induced England to relax its hold on Canada, on the Cape, and on Australia. To Fox, who had recently emerged from a chaos of selfish indifference, the broad arguments against the war probably presented themselves with unexpected freshness as pure revelations of reason and of right. Whatever constitutional doctrines and Whig prejudices were opposed to the active influence of the Crown conveniently combined themselves with the championship of a cause which was every day becoming less unpopular and tending visibly to a final triumph. In the full vigour of brilliant youth, with unhesitating confidence in his party and his principles, Fox found, by happy experience, that the devotion of his energies to the service of mankind was pleasanter as well as nobler than a career of selfish frivolity. The Parliamentary struggle of the American war permanently elevated his character, but the accidental and impulsive mode of his first introduction into serious business betrayed itself through life in the narrowness and mannerism of his political judgment. He never understood that the cause of freedom and humanity could be separated from the degradation of the Royal authority and the supremacy of an aristocratic faction. Twenty years after the overthrow of Lord North, he obstinately applied to George III. the well-known formula by which Dante designates Omnipotence, nor could he discover that by a reasonable conformity to the conventional pretensions of the Crown his great rival had contrived to be at the same time the representative of Parliamentary power and the real governor of the kingdom. Pledged to take one side even before a practical question arose, in all his judgments of foreign and domestic politics Fox was right or wrong by accident.

The fairest chance of enlarging his sphere of political vision was presented by his entrance into Lord Rockingham's Cabinet. Many competent witnesses have borne testimony to the extraordinary capacity for business which he displayed during his brief tenure of office. A few years of participation in the duties of Government would have taught him that a jealous King might be more effectually controlled by an able Ministry than by an angry Opposition. His hasty resignation when a majority of Lord Rockingham's Cabinet accepted the nomination of Lord Shelburne as Prime Minister, was consistent neither with duty nor with dignity, while as a party move it was an evident blunder. The coalition with Lord North was rather an imprudent application of his political theory than an act of inconsistency. The constraint which he hoped to impose on the inclinations of the King represented itself to his fancy, not as the unavoidable condition of success, but as an object which would of itself reward an unusual and invidious combination.

An analysis of Fox's character and personal history, as they were modified by his public career, would have been highly valuable in connexion with the anecdotes and details which a biographer might have been expected to supply, but the successive attempts of his admirers have been marked by a curious infelicity, which has reached its climax in the present publication. Lord Holland, with abundant leisure, with a certain literary reputation, and with a devotion to his uncle's fame which seems to have excluded all capacity of appreciating greatness in others, employed a long life in drawing up a meagre summary of the more notorious events of Fox's early career. Mr. Allen, who possessed almost equal opportunities, and far greater ability, broke down, like his patron, before the destined monument had risen far above the pedestal. Lord John Russell, although he has lived in the centre of Whig traditions, and enjoyed the intimacy of Fox's surviving friends, has nothing to say of his great predecessor which might not have been compiled from books which are to be found in every library. A careful collection of all the passages in which the name of Fox is mentioned by Horace Walpole, by Selwyn's correspondents, by Gibbon, Burke, Boswell, and generally by contemporary writers, would throw more light on his character than a series of extracts from the political annals of his time. One of his colleagues, who still lives in the full possession of his faculties, might perhaps even now be able to reproduce the fading likeness of his early political leader. If leisure and circumstances should be propitious, the Marquis of Lansdowne could scarcely make a more fitting return for the affectionate cordiality with which Fox encouraged the early promise of Lord Henry Petty.

## THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.\*

MR. LANE has just published, with the assistance of his nephew, a very magnificent edition of his translation of the *Arabian Nights*. It forms three large and handsome volumes, beautifully illustrated. The illustrations, as the author tells us, were drawn with constant reference to real Arab costumes and architecture. The value of the book is further increased by an essay on the literary history of the original, and by an abundant supply of notes appended to each of the chapters, and forming collectively a very curious and interesting comment on the text. Many of them, however, are so short that they would perhaps have been more conveniently read as foot-notes.

Mr. Lane, or his nephew (for in the preface they speak alternately in a somewhat confused manner), claims for the *Arabian Nights* a degree of popularity exceeding that of any other uninspired book. Without going quite to this length, we may venture to say that it has unquestionably obtained a very wide, and apparently durable popularity, both in the countries of which it describes the manners, and in Western Europe. Mr. Lane tells us that it represents the genuine Arab customs, as he saw them in Cairo, with curious exactness—that it is, in fact, a true Arabian novel, or rather collection of novels, giving us the same sort of insight into Arab life, public and private, as English novels give us into our own. To most people the mention of the *Arabian Nights* suggests nothing more than a collection of strange accounts of monsters, genii, magic palaces, roc's eggs, and the like; and this is the natural result of the circumstance that, in this country, they are usually read, not as novels, but as mere fairy tales fit only to amuse children. They are, however, capable, when read in more mature life, and when the critical faculties have been aroused and exercised, of exciting very different feelings.

The difference between the two impressions precisely corresponds to two views of the East which predominate in different stages of knowledge. There is a conventional East, all palaces, splendour, and marvels—the sort of place where Byron, the most mendacious and artificial of men, put his "Arab maids" and other melodramatic properties—the country of which Mr. Tennyson was thinking when he wrote his elaborately sleepy lines about "the golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid." There is also the East which we read of in books of travels, inhabited by naked Fellahs covered with filth and vermin, and by burnt-up Arabs, who pass their time in a lazy prowling fashion, driving hard bargains with people who want guides, and occasionally robbing and murdering—a dusky deceitful race who live in close dirty tents with a jabbering crowd of women, children, dogs, and camels, that never leave the traveller a quiet minute. Our impression of this East is that it is the hot, sandy, thoroughly uncomfortable scene of all the obscure oppressions, and what Mr. Carlyle would call the "dim" campaigns of Ali Pacha. It suggests to us the miserable Egyptian regiments which were marched against the Turks some twenty years ago, and recalls the bombardment of Acre, the Mediterranean fleet, and all that dusty beggarly oppression, dirt, and poverty, of which we have read so many descriptions. It is a curious experiment to read the *Arabian Nights* under this impression as to the persons and places which they describe; but we are convinced that it is the only way to understand them properly. Looked at from this point of view, they become very interesting. They lose much of the romance which constituted so great a drawback from their interest, and become real accounts of real and intelligible people. The *Arabian Nights* are a most curious commentary on the modern descriptions of Turks and Arabs, our impression of which we have tried to describe. They show us how those dirty, noisy vagabonds of whom we have read so often, think and feel amongst themselves, and the information is very curious, principally because it destroys so entirely the conventional views of them which arose from clothing Western sentiment in Eastern costumes.

Perhaps the most striking feature to a European of the temper of mind which the *Arabian Nights* display, is its curious intellectual repose. There is a total absence of anything approaching to that conflict of feeling and opinion which for the last three centuries has been the normal state of Western Europe. It would be difficult to name any book which has obtained a wide and permanent popularity in this part of the world which does not in some degree reflect the great religious, political, and social controversies which may almost be described as having constituted the moral life of Europe. *Don Quixote* is full of the contrast between an old and a new world; *Robinson Crusoe* could hardly have been written by any one who had not seen the Revolution and the Act of Toleration; and even *Gil Blas*, which, though far less popular, has had a surprising hold on popularity, is throughout a polite sneer at the contrast between the practice of the French Court and the magnificence of the principles on which it asserted itself to be founded, and of the claims which it advanced to popular reverence.

In the *Arabian Nights* there is, so far as we know, absolutely no trace of any such controversies or feelings as these. In every story the characters are universally and implicitly orthodox, and

the possibility of being otherwise does not appear to cross their minds. The empire which Mahomet appears to have obtained over his followers is one of the most curious phenomena in history. If we may judge from the *Arabian Nights*, it would seem to have reached a point at which resistance to it or comment upon it would have much the same appearance as resistance to the constitution of physical nature would have with us. The mission of the Prophet, the truth of his ordinances, and the absolute destiny by which all things are governed, would appear equally self-evident and irresistible to the people described in the *Arabian Nights*. The notion of harshness or injustice in any established ordinance never seems to occur to them. When the khalif tells his vizier (or as Mr. Lane calls him, wezeer) that unless he finds out who threw a certain dead body into the river, he and forty of his relations shall all be crucified, Jaafar seems to take it quite as a matter of course, and apparently continues afterwards to be on just as good terms with his master as he was before. The only case which we can remember where any one remonstrates at anything is when Sindbad (Es-Sindibad is his proper name) is told that it is the custom of the country that he and his wife should be buried together as she has died first. He observes that he thinks that a very bad custom, and that, as a foreigner, he ought not to be obliged to adopt it; but the natives of the country are represented as being quite content with it, and he himself never thinks of disputing its general propriety, but only objects to the application of it in his peculiar circumstances.

The relations of the religion of the *Arabian Nights* to their morality is one of the most astonishing things about them. Though the moral virtues are enjoined by the popular religion, it never appears to occur to any one that there is any practical contradiction between the most implicit religious faith and the grossest kinds of immorality. Sindbad, for example, is a very devout man in his way, but he tells with the most perfect composure and self-satisfaction a story, the gist of which is that he committed a great number of the most horrible murders purely for the sake of plunder. When interred with his wife, he found a way out of the cave in which he was buried on to the sea coast, and whilst waiting there for a ship, he says—"I praised God (whose name he exalted) and thanked him, and rejoiced exceedingly, and my heart was strengthened. . . and I returned into the cavern and took abundance of things that were on the dead, consisting of varieties of necklaces and jewels, long necklaces of pearls, ornaments of silver and gold," &c. &c. "Every day I entered the cavern and explored it; and whenever they buried a person alive, I took the food and water, and killed that person, whether male or female; after which I went forth and sat on the shore of the sea, to wait for relief from God (whose name he exalted) by means of a ship passing by me. And I removed from the cavern all the ornaments that I found, and tied them up in the clothes of the dead." Nothing can be more characteristic than the perfect unconsciousness of any jar or shock to the conscience that this passage shows. The coolness of the whole narrative, the thanks to God before and after the murders, and the calmness of the conclusion, are inimitable. Perhaps the reflection at the end of the voyage is even more striking:—"At length by the providence of God, we arrived in safety at the city of El-Basrah. . . . I stored all the commodities that I had brought with me in my magazines, gave alms and presents, and clad the widows and orphans, and I became in a state of the utmost joy and happiness."

This sort of perfect acquiescence and contentment on all the great subjects of human inquiry—the easy satisfaction at being thoroughly equipped with a creed, a set of religious observances, and specific good deeds, which would insure future happiness, joined to an immovable belief in a destiny which destroys personal responsibility altogether—no doubt takes most of the greatness and glory out of life, but there can be no sort of doubt that it must be a very pleasant state of feeling. Repose as to essentials, external liveliness, and versatility to a most wonderful degree, the power of caring for trifles, and of being amused and consoled like children under any calamity whatever, are the common features of almost all the characters in the *Arabian Nights*. The Caliph (Khaleefeh, he should be called) is going to crucify his vizier—a genie (or jinn) is going to put a man to death for an intrigue with his wife—and he is, quite as a matter of course, diverted from his purpose by some story which he cannot resist the temptation of listening to. So, too, a young man cuts his wife to pieces in a fit of jealousy which afterwards appears to have been groundless. The sultan hears the story, and, as a compensation, "he gave one of his own concubines to the young man, and appointed him a regular maintenance, and the young man became one of his companions at table"—no doubt a thoroughly cheerful and contented one. It is a consequence of the same temper that all the stories end happily. There is hardly a trace in the book of that luxurious indulgence in melancholy which is so common in European novels.

The substance of the morality of the *Arabian Nights*—as might have been expected—differs as much from that to which we are accustomed, as the method of applying it differs from our methods. All that refers to the relation between the sexes, the obligation of truth, and many other things which we look upon as fundamental parts of morality, appear in the most different light to the characters in the *Arabian Nights*. The difference is well worth the attentive consideration of those who believe in

\* *The Thousand and One Nights*. A new translation from the Arabic, by Edward William Lane. A new edition from a copy annotated by the Translator. Edited by his nephew, Edward Stanley Thorne. 8vo. London: Murray. 1859.

a power of perceiving universal truth innate in the human mind. If intensity of internal conviction is the best evidence of the truth of the propositions which it asserts, the doctrine of fatalism, and the divine authority of Mahomet and the *Koran* are far more strongly vouched than any of our own beliefs.

The part of the *Arabian Nights* which is generally considered most characteristic, and which the mention of the book most readily recalls, is no doubt that which relates to marvels of different kinds, natural and supernatural. The Jinns or Genies, the Roc, the diamond valley, and the enchantments by which men are changed into beasts, and beasts into men, are the parts of the book which naturally impress themselves most upon children, and it is by children principally that the book is read. Apart from those stories which form a kind of common inheritance of many branches of the human race, and appear to have been transmitted in all directions from some common centre or centres, the supernatural tales of most countries are only reflections of the narrators on a large scale, and freed from the limits imposed on them by space and time. This is pre-eminently the case with the *Arabian Nights*. The genies, male and female, and all the other supernatural beings, are only kings and viziers flying about in the air, and transforming themselves into strange shapes. They are connected together by relations of that strange character—half theological, half-scientific—which marks so curiously certain conditions of society. Mr. Lane tells us that the Arabs, even those who are well off and educated according to the fashion of Cairo, fully believe in these things. It is precisely this plenitude of faith on the part of narrators and listeners which gives such a charm to the supernatural parts of the *Arabian Nights*. The genies act so easily and naturally, and upon such simple human motives, that their introduction gives hardly any shock to the reader. He feels that they form part of the world in which the story-teller lives—a huge square plain with Mecca in the centre, the ocean flowing all round it, and the mountains of Khaf (the abode of all sorts of supernatural creatures) beyond the ocean. There is as much unity and simplicity in the material as in the spiritual universe; indeed, it can hardly be said that there is any distinction between them.

There is no popular book which gives so good an illustration as the *Arabian Nights* of the way in which beliefs and opinions on all subjects hang together. Mr. Francis Newman tells a story of his having attempted to convert a Mahometan shipbuilder, who listened to him for a long time, and at last answered, with a sort of pious smile, "The English are a great nation. They make wonderful ships, and have splendid armies, but one thing is hidden from them—the knowledge of the true God." The remark was, in a sense, perfectly true. There is a gulf between the Mahometan and the Christian which it is next to impossible to cross, and on the opposite sides of which lie entirely different views of all things in heaven and earth. It is impossible to deny that there is very great difficulty in saying that the speedy and total destruction of the views opposed to our own would be a benefit to mankind. It is all but certain that it would clear the way, not for the reception of any better form of belief, but either for an abject scepticism, destitute of everything noble and generous, or for some such monstrous parody of Christianity as the Taeping rebels contrived to extract from the Bible. The more we are enabled to understand and to reflect upon the characters of different creeds and races, the more enormous do the difficulties appear which would stand in the way of the complete triumph of any of them. This is one of the greatest of the great mysteries which history and literature reveal to all who study them thoughtfully.

#### THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE.\*

AT a time when the plays of Shakspeare are being represented with unsurpassed accuracy and splendour of detail at the Princess's Theatre, the appearance of two handsome editions of them is most seasonable. Homage is thus doubly rendered to the greatest of dramatic poets, by those who embody his scenes and by those who endeavour to establish his text. After the many revisions of that text since conjectural emendation was first applied to it, the latter labour may seem unnecessary to persons unacquainted with the history of its transmission. But no one at all aware of the process through which it has passed, from the date of the first quartos and folios to the present moment, will accuse Messrs. Dyce and Collier of undertaking an *opus operatum*, or of reaping where they have not sown. Perhaps, for those who have not paid attention to the subject, a brief account of our having and holding of the present text of Shakspeare may not be unacceptable. To the offspring of his body, Shakspeare was, doubtless, a kind and provident father; but to that of his mind he manifested an ostrich-like negligence. Among all the curiosities of literature, indeed, or in all the history of the transmission of manuscripts to the press and to posterity, there is perhaps nothing more curious than this indifference of the poet to the fate of productions to whose surpassing worth we cannot imagine him blind. It was a negligence not exhibited by his

contemporaries to their inferior works. Ben Jonson looked sedulously after his own typographical interests. If the judicious Beaumont really retrenched his colleague's exuberance of wit or fancy, Fletcher did not leave their joint writings to the mercies of copyists and compositors; and Daniel and Drayton seem to have bestowed great pains upon the printing of their poems. Nor was Shakspeare himself by any means callous or careless in giving to the world his *Poems*, for these have been handed down to us with as much accuracy as any books printed at the time. But his plays he uniformly treated like a step-father or a negligent guardian, leaving them to make their own way through the Seylla of theatrical copyists and the Charybdis of blundering compositors. The fact that an argosy laden with the richest poetry in the world made port at all is not to be ascribed to the owner of the cargo. Is there any way of getting at the root of this mystery—of accounting, in the case of the *Poems*, for at least ordinary care, and in that of the Plays, for extraordinary neglect? Editors and commentators afford little help in this inquiry, so we will hazard "a wide solution" of our own.

The grounds of our hypothesis must be sought in the recesses of Shakspeare's life—little as is known, or probably ever will be known, of its circumstances. His biography has, indeed, been sifted by antiquaries with unusual care, and by none with more pains and caution than by Messrs. Collier and Dyce. Yet between the Dan and Beersheba of Shakspearian biography—the meagre skeleton of Rowe and the elaborate romance of Mr. Charles Knight—there is little rest for the sole of a scrupulous reader's feet. After all the research employed upon the subject—research as zealous and minute as if a title to boundless wealth in land or money were its object—Steevens's summary of what we know or may securely believe needs scarcely to be changed. The patient toil of later antiquaries has added to the original sketch by Rowe a few dates and probabilities unknown to Steevens; yet it is still true, as he wrote in 1778, that "all that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakspeare is that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon—married, and had children there—went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried."

But the little that is known of the poet's father throws some light on the history of the son. From this glimmering we shall attempt to find an answer to two questions. First, was there anything in Shakspeare's early circumstances which rendered the recovery of a social position, held and lost by his family, a primary object with him, and the stage and its accompaniments secondary only, as the means by which to re-ascend? And secondly, as a confirmation and corollary of the first, was there anything in the position of an actor and an author for the theatre in his time which might induce a prudent or aspiring man to ignore his connexion with the stage as soon as he had made himself independent of its pecuniary aid and advantages?

It appears that, either through ordinary mischances of business or rash speculation, John Shakspeare, the poet's father, was reduced from competence, if not from affluence, to very narrow means. He was the son of a substantial farmer. He married a wife having lands, tenements, and money, and at one time was a glover, apparently well to do, in Stratford. John Shakspeare's name—and this should be noted—occurs in a list of the *gentlemen and freeholders* in Barliech Way hundred, in 1580; and in another deed, sixteen years later, he is described as "yeoman," pretty nearly equivalent to "country gentleman" now-a-days. He was, moreover, burgess, alderman, and once bailiff of Stratford, and so, both within and without the borough, was a man of worship. Other authorities assign to Shakspeare senior other avocations. According to Aubrey, he was "a butcher"—according to Rowe, "a considerable dealer in wool." Mr. Dyce thinks that when he became butcher, flock-master, and grazier, John Shakspeare gave up glove-making; yet he remarks that these several traditions are not at variance with each other, since as a farmer he might kill his own sheep and oxen, and dispose of their fells and fleeces. We see no reason why he should not have kept on the glove business; for the good folks of Stratford were not likely, in that day, to wear only "the best kid or beaver," but required probably—agricultural as many of them were—such gauntlets as gamekeepers and ditchers wear to this hour, or such massive sheaths for hard hands as may even now be seen in rural market-places, made of the very skins in which Mr. Alderman Shakspeare dealt. But whether it were that he attempted too much, or that he lent money to friends, or took to drinking, John Shakspeare, from one cause or another, came to trouble, and lost his social position among the burghers of Stratford. Before 1578 his affairs were greatly embarrassed. He sold tenements, he mortgaged land, was excused poor-rate, had writs of *distingas* and *capias* issued against him, was deprived of his alderman's gown, and came not to church for "fear of process for debt." Clearly matters for a while went very ill with the ex-bailiff, and the remembrance of this evil time may have been in his son's mind when, in *As You Like It*, he compared the wounded stag, deserted by his companions, to "a poor and broken bankrupt." The cloud on the house of John Shakspeare necessarily cast its shadow on his children. William Shakspeare was educated at the grammar-school of his native town; but in 1579 he was removed from it, not because he was of ripe years, for he was then only fifteen, neither because of the ex-

\* *The Works of William Shakspeare*. The Text revised by the Rev. Alexander Dyce. 6 vols. London: Moxon. 1857.

*Shakspeare's Comedies, Histories, Tragedies, and Poems*. Edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A. Second Edition. 6 vols. London: Whittaker. 1858.

pense of his education, since it was free—saving, perhaps, an annual fee or compliment to the head-master, which his father may have paid in kind, and in the acceptable form of gloves and gaiters, or saddles of mutton and sirloins of beef. But it was probably now needful that William should contribute something to his own maintenance; and according to one report he became an usher in Stratford school, wielding the better end of the rod—according to another, a clerk in an attorney's office, where he may have learned "to write fair," his manuscripts in after life being celebrated for their clearness.

In all Shakspeare's subsequent history, no fact is better established than that of his having been a prudent and practical man, coining his brain for ducats honourably, and investing them when received in good landed or other real securities. By a profession not remarkable either now or of yore for the thrift of its members, and occupied during many of the best years of his life in theatrical management—a vocation which has led a few to fortune and many to inextricable ruin—he realized a handsome property, equal in its returns to perhaps 1000*l.* a year in our money; and he not only regained the position among his fellow-townsmen which his father had somehow lost, but even achieved a higher one than his father probably had ever held. For John was Burgess of Stratford by right of birth and house property—alderman in virtue of the profits of his gloves, his corn, or his flocks and herds—and bailiff by reason of his standing on the aldermanic list; whereas William had a house in town, "on the Southwark bank of the river," bought lands, pulled down and built houses in Stratford, and finally took up his residence in New Place, and "wrote himself gentleman in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation."

Long lost for years at length our man we trace,  
Sir Richard Munday died at Munday Place.

His amended fortunes were won by the industrious pen which supplied the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres with matter so attractive as to render his partners in the venture prosperous, and himself probably the most prosperous gentleman of them all. Yet, from his carelessness of the means by which he did ascend, it would seem that Shakspeare thought lightly of the degrees of his ladder, and, by one of those caprices recorded in authors, and which made Congreve and Gray unwilling to be considered only as men of letters, regarded his Plays as his father had regarded his live and dead stock—instruments of well-being, but not its ends. This, or some similar hypothesis, will alone explain the demeanour of Shakspeare to his intellectual offspring. Nor need we denounce as unworthy, or as savouring of affectation, his desire to be respected as a lord of acres, or to be famous merely in virtue of his Poems, and on these grounds only to stand high among his kinsfolk and acquaintance. We incline to think, on the contrary, that the desire to be valued as a man of letters only is, if nearly examined, many times less creditable than the feelings which we have supposed to actuate Shakspeare. In his days, to "retire, the world shut out," in order that the recluse might devote himself to verse-making—more often to sickly fancies—was by no means a common practice; neither, in great Eliza's golden time, would it have been generally esteemed a wholesome one either for the recluse or the commonwealth. Three men alone among English Poets sit near Shakspeare's throne, and all three were engaged in the onerous duties of life—Chaucer, as first a soldier, afterwards a Commissioner of Customs and Inspector of Woods and Crownlands—Spenser, as Secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland—Milton, as schoolmaster and pamphleteer, and finally as Latin secretary to the Commonwealth and the Protector. Again, amongst the most worthless of Shakspeare's precursors or contemporaries were men merely actors or play-writers—the unfortunate Marlowe, the profligates Greene and Peele, the melancholy Ford, and the ever-embarrassed Massinger. Even in Ben Jonson, surly, pugnacious, and necessitous, mere literature, though supported and adorned by solid learning, bore a repulsive aspect, and we are disposed to think that he was perhaps happier when he trailed a pike in the Low Country wars, or carried a mason's hod at home, than when, from an alley in London, he solicited royal or noble patrons. From the contemplation of such examples of evil life, or life-long discontent, the provident and laborious poet of Stratford may have turned with warrantable complacency to his own better-guided career, and have thought that Edward Alleyn, who put money in his purse by theatrical management, and built and endowed a hospital for his infirm brethren, held juster notions than unthrifths did of what actors or writers for the stage might and should be. "By heavens! Frank," exclaims the elder Osbaldiston, in *Rob Roy*, when he discovered that Mr. Francis had been entering verses instead of invoices in his ledger, "you are a greater fool than I took you for;" nor, with the examples of Otway and Tom D'Urfey, and so many garreteers of Grubstreet fresh in remembrance, was the sober merchant's indignation without some grounds. Many similar instances of talents ill-applied were before the eyes of Shakspeare, and may have led him to regard his plays "as a thing slipped idly from him," while his house and lands were substantial evidences of his industry in gaining, and his wisdom in realizing his gains.

There may also have been a higher cause for Shakspeare's comparative neglect of his dramatic progeny. The least ascetic and most humane of men cannot have been indifferent to the plaudits of the public, or to the encouragement of such patrons as Lord Southampton and Queen Elizabeth. Yet when he reviewed what he wrote for the scene and its servants—when he recollected

how often he was forced to curb his better and give rein to his worse fancies, so as to meet half-way the taste of his contemporaries, and compared them with the archetype in his own brain, and with his vast conceptions of the functions of his art—he may well have regarded even Hamlet and Lear, Benedick and Mercutio, and the Henries and Richards whom he had gifted with a second life, in a lowly spirit, and turned from them, in the years of his retirement, with feelings akin to the mood expressed by him in one of the saddest of his lyric utterances:—

Oh! for my sake do you with fortune chide,  
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
That did not better for my life provide  
Than public means which public manners breeds.  
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;  
And almost thence my nature is subdued  
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand;  
Pity me, then, and wish I were renewed.

But we must dally no longer with speculation upon the causes of this indifference, but pass on to the history of the original or eclectic text of the plays of Shakspeare. Seventeen of the plays appeared during their author's lifetime, singly, in quarto volumes. They were printed without the author's sanction or revision, and were, as we are informed by his first editors, Heminge and Condell, surreptitiously obtained. That is to say, either they were taken down by a short-hand writer during their performance, or hastily transcribed from the acting copies after these had been modified by the manager's or the prompter's pen. No edition, in the proper sense of the word, either of single plays or of the entire collection, was printed while Shakspeare survived to correct the press, or to protest against this invasion of his property; and indeed he seems to have acquiesced calmly in the piracy of his publishers in quarto. But in 1623, seven years after his death, the owners of the manuscripts, the aforesaid Heminge and Condell, collected all his plays, and, with the exception of *Pericles*, printed them in a folio volume, with loud professions of loyalty to their deceased friend, and of zeal for the general good. We are unwilling to write unkindly of these the original editors, since to them we probably owe the preservation of one-half of Shakspeare's dramas from the accidents of damp and the worm, the frequent fires of London, and the ruthless hands of such servants as Mr. Warburton's cook proved in the case of Massinger's plays. Yet, comparing their profession with their performance, our gratitude is limited, for a worse edited volume than the first folio of Shakspeare it is scarcely possible to conceive. The art of puffing is of no recent date. Burton tells of "a kind of policy in these days to prefix a phantastical title to a book which is to be sold; for as larks come down to a day-net, many vain readers will tarry and stand gazing, like silly passengers at an antic picture in a painter's shop, that will not look at a judicious piece." The title-page of the Folio was simple enough; but the preface was "phantastical," and in as bad taste as the most inflated of auctioneer's advertisements. In fact, the volume was "made to sell," and was never "edited" in any proper sense at all; nor can we comprehend the fondness with which it has been regarded by some Shakspearian editors, even by one of the most learned among them, Mr. Charles Knight. First, it is plain that, notwithstanding the alleged surreptitiousness of the quartos, Heminge and Condell in their revised text often servilely copied them. Next, although Shakspeare's manuscripts were remarkable for calligraphy, and were in the hands of his editors, the typography of their edition is atrocious. Verse is printed as prose—prose as verse. Priscian's head is perpetually broken; words are omitted, misprinted, transposed; punctuation is as eccentric as if the compositor had shaken commas, semi-colons, and colons out of a pepper-box; and the types are sometimes little better than a fortuitous concourse of letters, forming the most unintelligible and stupendous words. Such is the original canon of the text of Shakspeare; nor is there any redress except in conjecture. Of most classical authors there are many texts, fortunately not agreeing in their corruptions, and therefore aiding in one another's correction. But the fairly-written manuscripts of Shakspeare have vanished from the habitable globe; except his signature, no specimen of his handwriting exists; and we are at the mercy of this precious budget of blunders which his friends and fellow-actors devoted to their deceased copartner's honour.

The second Folio affords little assistance in threading this "mighty maze." Some palpable mistakes are corrected in it; but this "little right" is compensated for by a good deal of new wrong. "The ounce of sweet" is not without its "pound of sour." Of the later folios, nothing need be said. They are reprints only, with the annexation of some doubtful plays.

(To be continued.)

#### NEW NOVELS.\*

HERE are three novels of the sacrificial sort, in each of which the course of true love comes to an unsatisfactory termination. Alike in this respect, however, they differ in almost every other. We will begin with the most melancholy of the three—

\* *Maiden Sisters.* By the Author of "Dorothy." London: John W. Parker and Son.

*An Old Debt.* By Florence Dawson. 3 vols. London: Smith and Elder.

*Father and Daughter.* By Fredrika Bremer. London: Hall and Virtue.

*Maiden Sisters*, by the author of *Dorothy*. The genius of this authoress is not of a high order, but it is real of its kind, and free from pretension or affectation. Her present tale is decidedly the most artistic fiction she has yet produced. Her three previous ones ought to have ended dismally, but did not—the natural course of events being arrested in the penultimate chapter, by some of those lucky accidents which are always occurring in novels, and which so rarely occur anywhere else. In her clever tale of *De Cressy*, indeed, the author's intervention went beyond mere circumstances. It interfered with character, and the hero and heroine were unnaturally coerced into living happily all their lives through, when it was morally and socially impossible that such a denouement could have resulted from the discordant relations in which they had stood to each other throughout the whole previous course of their career. But in the present tale, the author has dealt more truthfully with her materials. The heroine, Ellen, the youngest of the four maiden sisters, is the object of rivalry between her grim sister Anne, and her giddy, but warm-hearted sister-in-law Norah. Ellen has been brought up by Anne, in almost nursery subordination, to the age of eighteen, when Norah, arriving in England on a visit from the Cape, insists on taking her into society. Here her happiness soon becomes compromised, and before her love affairs are in proper train, her protectress Norah is suddenly recalled to the Cape. Poor Ellen, left alone, proves no match for the complicated difficulties of her situation. Between the harsh rigidity of her duenna-sister and the haughty jealousy of her lover, her timid nature, unused to act for itself, falls to the ground. It is an old story, but it is well told, with that easy style and unobtrusive grace which mark all the productions of this author. There is, however, a want of elasticity and vigour about her tales which gives them a somewhat languid and depressing tone.

*An Old Debt* belongs to a wholly different school. Instead of painting the enforced immolation of a weak nature, it delineates the self-devotion of a strong one. There is an energy and vitality about this work, which distinguish it from the common herd of novels. Its terse vigour sometimes recalls Miss Brontë, but in some respects Miss Florence Dawson is decidedly superior to the author of *Jane Eyre*. Her strength is free alike from hardness and morbidity, and her passion for reality is not narrowed into realism. The heroine, Ellen Seudamore, is beloved by her elderly guardian, Lord Conynghford, whom she admires and likes, but cannot quite resolve to accept. While in a state of indecision, she is thrown, by accident, almost exclusively into the society of her invalid brother's tutor, Edward Young, a protégé of Lord Conynghford, who, in spite of great wrongs from Edward's father, had educated and befriended him through life. The tutor soon becomes deeply attached to Ellen, and unintentionally acquires much influence over her wayward but generous nature. He sees that she has a regard for him that might easily ripen into love, did he seek to win her; but owing everything to Lord Conynghford, and remembering how the latter's early happiness had been wrecked by the baseness of Edward's own father, the tutor repays his "old debt" of gratitude, by abstaining from winning the unoccupied heart which his benefactor desires to possess. He does more, and communicates to Ellen the history of Lord Conynghford's early misfortunes and generosity. This, as he expected, turns the scale in Ellen's mind, and she accepts Lord Conynghford, utterly unconscious of the struggle in Edward's heart, and thinking of him to the last only as a brotherly friend. Lord Conynghford, whose jealousy has been roused by the malicious hints of his heir-at-law, Lionel Morant, discovers the whole truth at last, but only when Edward is beyond the reach of sympathy for ever. At first the reader's impulse is to cry out against the sacrifice of Edward, who appears much better suited to Ellen than Lord Conynghford; but on the whole it would be difficult to see how he could have acted otherwise without repenting it. Where one of the parties must inevitably be disappointed, that course of action which confines the suffering to one individual, instead of tormenting all three, is probably the most wise and right. The character of Edward Young is not an easy one to paint, but, although his intercourse with Ellen is nearly all we see of him, it is so related as to indicate a real character. Ellen herself is very well and consistently drawn from first to last, and the gradual expansion and softening of her character is beautifully touched. Lord Conynghford is less satisfactory. He is painted from several points of view, and the slight discrepancies are rather accounted for than harmonized, so that the outlines of his character are left rather indistinct. Fred, the invalid brother of Ellen, is pleasingly drawn, and Lionel Morant, the odious heir-at-law, is lightly sketched in, and not overdone.

The following is a fair average specimen of the book. Edward Young has recently informed Ellen of the death of a poor dress-maker to whom the young lady, in a whim of selfish passion, has refused to pay her due charges. Ellen's remorseful grief has been excessive:—

Edward could not answer her—at least not in any words that he felt at liberty to use. There was a moderation, a soberness about her sorrow, which he had not seen in her before; till now, she had always been vehement and exaggerated in her self-reproach—now there was a quiet earnestness in her manner that expressed a deeper feeling. Edward envied the dead girl in pity for whom those silent tears were flowing.

"I don't know why it is," she said, after a long pause, "that this reminds me so much of other things that I have to answer for. My father—oh, if he were with me now!"

"I too have lost a parent!"—he almost whispered the words, though there was no one in the room but themselves—"I had a mother—oh, such a mother!"

It was the first time Ellen had ever heard him speak with any "effusion" of himself, and it arrested her attention, absorbed as it was in her own feelings.

"But you did not behave to her as I did to my father?"

He was silent for a moment, and then said, slowly, and with an appearance of effort, "I believe the only difference in the feeling with which we regard the dead must be some shades more or less of self-reproach. But there is no feeling that is not meant either to be conquered or translated into action. Life is not long enough for emotion that ends with itself."

"How can we put our self-reproach into action when the subjects of it exist no longer?"

"When they exist no longer?" he repeated, with a grave smile.

"When they are removed beyond the reach of our actions, then."

"Their wishes live still."

"Do they? Does anything survive the grave, do you think, that binds us to one person more than another?"

"I believe in the immortality of the soul—not of that small, poor, dwindled part which would survive if all individual affections were obliterated. How far the opportunities we have thrown away may be found again on the other side of the grave—whether all that might have been here may be there, no human being can say; but every human being can be sure that the only thing that makes this life worth having will not be absent from the next."

He rose as he spoke, for he felt they had talked long enough. Not that he feared himself now; he held out his hand as he wished her good night with perfect calmness. Even when she took it in both of hers, and retained it in a long, firm pressure, he could control all turmoil within his heart, and return her gaze of sisterly affection with no shrinking aspect.

"Mr. Young, will you promise never to give me up, whatever I do? May I always turn to you, and feel sure I shall have the truth?"

"That you may always do, and for the rest—"

"Ah, you will not promise! Well, perhaps you are wise; good night."

Her touch might have turned him to stone, for there he stood, for some time after she left the room, perfectly immovable—till the candle flickered in the socket, and expired, and the cold moonlight filled the room. Then starting as from a dream, he hastened to leave it, but it was long before sleep came near his pillow.

Miss Bremer's *Father and Daughter* is another of those slight productions which she has been in the habit of giving us since she left off writing regular novels. She says in her preface that she is "tired of the old story of lovers' sighs," and considers that that subject "has had more glory and more praise than it deserves. It does not play the principal part in most human lives; and as most concerns their weal or their woe, it very rarely comes into play. We must, therefore, look to deeper, more primary fountains." Had she said that the delineation of one passion does not exhaust the infinite aspects of character which it is the novelist's art to depict, and had she endeavoured to supplement the workings of individual feeling by opening a wider horizon of objective reality, she would have done good service. But a very different genius from Miss Bremer's would be required for such an attempt. In *Father and Daughter*, she still keeps wholly within the domestic circle, and treats it in a purely subjective way. Everything is seen through an emotional haze. In her earlier works this mysticism was counterbalanced by the graphic sketches of external life, which, although inartistically strung together, were interesting and valuable additions to our scanty knowledge of Swedish interiors. But the proportion of colour to outline has grown more and more excessive with her as years have advanced, and her present tale conveys the impression of reading in a dream. She has attempted less to paint life itself than to chronicle the sensations which life excited in her heroine's mind; and the only semblance of plot is borrowed from the "old story of lovers' sighs," which the author professes to supersede. Rosa Norrby has been brought up with great care by a stern but secretly affectionate father, Professor Severin Norrby, who nurtures her mind upon Stoic literature. He has been soured by misfortune and disease, and her great desire is to soften and Christianize him—an object in which she ultimately succeeds. For his sake she rejects her lover, who, however, was not at all worthy of her. He amuses himself at intervals with her cousin Cora, whom he ultimately marries at the desire of Rosa, who ends her days in single blessedness, doing good to all her tenants. The only striking part of the book is the account of a journey from Oland to Gothland, whose terrible details Miss Bremer has taken from the Gothland Government Gazette (of the 1st and 3rd of June, 1855), and woven into the story. It is like a page from Franklin or Parry, and is very well told.

#### GAULISH AND OGHAM INSCRIPTIONS.\*

AMONG the many perplexing questions of ethnology, few have excited more interest, and none have been answered more variously, than what has been termed the Celtic problem. It requires for its complete solution answers to the following queries:—Were the Gauls Indo-European? If so, in what relation did they and their kinsmen, the Cymry and the Gaedil, stand to the other Indo-European races? On all such questions our means of attaining to true views are obviously, as the Baron de Belloguet observes, these three:—the comparison of languages, that of the physical characteristics of such and such a people, and that of what may be called the *instinctive* manners and customs belonging to each race—in fewer words, comparative philology, physiology, and ethnology. Now, of the two special questions above-mentioned, the first can only be answered in the

\* *Essai sur quelques Inscriptions en Langue Gauloise*. Par Adolphe Pictet. Genève. 1859.

affirmative, so overpowering are the linguistic, the physiological, and the ethnological proofs adducible on behalf of the Celts. The second is not so easily decided. But some of the ablest German philologists are now engaged in analysing the evidence given on the point by comparative grammar; and from scholars such as Siegfried, Aufrecht, Schleicher, Lottner, and Ebel, we may fairly expect a satisfactory result. Dr. Ebel, indeed, reasoning solely from the Irish glosses of the eighth and ninth centuries, printed by Zeuss, has already built up an hypothetical system of Old-Celtic declension, of great value in determining the second of the above questions. And the confirmation of this system, in many important particulars, by the forms appearing in the recently published Gaulish and Ogham inscriptions, not only proves the acuteness and learning of Ebel, but goes far to show that the science of comparative philology has now attained to such a degree of exactness as to justify our confidence in those who prove themselves not blind worshippers, but thoughtful disciples, of the authors of the *Vergleichende Grammatik*, the *Deutsche Grammatik*, and the *Grammatica Celtica*.

In order to aid in the investigation above referred to, we purpose, in the present article, first, to quote, and endeavour to translate, the most important of the Old-Celtic inscriptions hitherto published; and, secondly, to point out some of the forms in the non-Celtic languages identical with, or analogous to, the principal declensional phenomena presented by these inscriptions, and by the glosses in ancient Irish—a language which, according to Schleicher, occupies about the same position in the group of Celtic tongues that Gothic holds among the Teutonic languages, and Old-Bulgarian among the Slavonic. The Gaulish inscriptions shall, with three exceptions, be transcribed from Baron de Belloguet's *Ethnogenie gauloise*: Paris, 1858, pp. 190—204, or from M. Pictet's *Essai*; the Oghams, from Mr. Wilde's valuable *Catalogue of the Antiquities in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy*: Dublin, 1857, pp. 135—139.

1. *Doiros segomari ieuu alisanu*. This inscription is stipped on the handle of a metal patera or saucepan, found near Dijon in 1853. It may be translated: "A slave of Segomâros gave this to Alisanos." Compare the Old Irish *dóir*, *doer* (gl. *mancipium*), Zeuss, G.C., 41. Or if we take *Dóiros* to be a proper name, "*Dóiros* son of Segomâros," &c. *Ieuu* (leg. *ievrú*?) is obviously a verb, and occurs, as will be seen, frequently in these inscriptions. Its exact meaning has not yet been ascertained: we may, perhaps, compare the Irish *hír*, *ir* "dedit;" but we dare not follow M. de Belloguet in connecting it with *tepós*, *lepós*, for this has been identified by Kuhn with the Vedic *ishirá-s*.

2. *Segomâros villoneos toutius namausatis eidrú bèlesami sosin nemeton* (leg. *nemeton*). This inscription is in the Greek character, & being written for s, and OY for u and v. It was found at Vaison, is now in the Avignon museum, and has thus been rendered: "Segomâros, son of Villoneus, a citizen of Nîmes [literally, civilis, Nemausensis], made for Belesama this fane." *Toutius* is rightly connected by M. de Belloguet with the Irish *tuath* "people" (= *tóth*, *tautá*). He might also have mentioned the Sanskrit root *tu* *creescere*, *valere*, to which the Oscan *touta*, "people," Umbrian *tuta*, *tota* "city," have often been referred. *Namausatis* is an adjective to be compared with Latin forms like *Arpinas* (gen. *-atis*). *Belesama* is the Gaulish *Minerva*; and there can be no doubt of the meaning of *nemeton*: compare Venant. Fortunat. i. 9, the names *Αἰγυρο-νέμετρον*, Ptol., *Nemeto-cenna*, Caes., and *nemed*, the Old Irish gloss on *sacellum*, quoted by Zeuss, p. 11.

3. *Martialis dannotali ieuu ucuete sosin celicnon etic cobedbi dugiontiio ucuetin alisiia*. Found in Alise, and now in the Palais des Archives de Dijon. Parts of this, the longest inscription yet discovered, may be translated: "Martialis, son of Dannotalos, gave to Ucuētis this *celicnon*, and . . . has . . . Ucuētis in Alisiya." M. de Belloguet may perhaps be right in connecting *celicnon* with the Welsh *cylch*, Breton *kelc'h*, "circle." *Etic* seems a conjunction, perhaps akin to the Skr. *ati*, Greek *eti*, Lat. *et*, Goth. *ith*, with that enclitic pronominal affix, *c*, so common in Latin and Umbrian. *Dugyontyo* is obviously the nom. sing. of an abstract substantive in *-tion*. *Cobedbi* (leg. *covedbi*), for which MM. de Belloguet and Pictet read *Gobedbi*, is probably a verb governing the accusative *Ucuetin*. The *-bi* is perhaps = Oscan *-fied*, Latin *-vit*.

4. *Icavos oppianicos ieuu brigindon [u] cantabon [an]*. "Icavos, son of Oppianos, gave to Brigindonon (Brignon) a *cantabona*." The reading and translation of the last word are very dubious.

5. *Andecamulos toutissicnos ieuu*. "Andecamulos, son of Toutissos, gave this." We have quoted the two last inscriptions together (we may add *Απριανος*, Gobannicus, Taranucus from Zeuss, and Oloacnus from the Book of Armagh), as they each involve what is clearly a patronymic in *-cnos*. (See No. 17.) The first was found at Volnay, near Beaune; the second at Nevers.

6. *Lienos contextos ieuu anvadonnaeu canecosedlon*. "Lienos Contextos gave to Anvadonnacon (Aunay) a *canecosedlon*." Found at Autun. M. de Belloguet reads the penultimate word *anvalonnaeu*. The final word is probably a compound, *canecosedlon* ("a throne of gold"? Skr. *kanakā*).

7—11: The Notre Dame Inscriptions. In 1710, some bas-reliefs on stone were found beneath the floor of Notre Dame de Paris, representing certain Roman and Gaulish divinities, and each bearing the name of the deity, or a legend descriptive of the

subject. A Latin inscription informs us that they formed part of a monument erected by the Nautae Parisiaci in the reign of Tiberius. The following Gaulish words were legible:—(7) *Esus*, and (8) *Cernunnos*, the names of two of the gods; (9) *Eurises*, placed over three armed men; (10) *Senani veiloni* (?), above a group of grave personages; (11) *Tarvos trigaranus*, above a bull carrying three cranes. M. de Belloguet labours, *remis velisque*, to prove that *veiloni* is connected with the Lat. *vellum*, and he is probably right. Compare the Gaulish *-reix*, *-rix*, with *rêx*, *régis*. *Senani* is obviously the nom. pl. of a *senanos*, an old man, senator. Compare the Irish *senán* (senecio), Skr. *sána-gruta*, "long-re-nowned," Welsh *hen*, Zend *hana*, *ēvos*, *senex*, Seneca, Goth. *sineiga*. As to *Tarvos trigaranus*, "a three-crane bull" (*ταύρος τριγάρων*), we cannot do better than translate a note which appeared in the last number of the *Beiträge zur vergleichenden Sprachforschung*, p. 473:—

In the bull with three cranes he, Dr. Siegfried, suspects a reminiscence of the same idea which we have in the Vedic *Viśnu* of the three strides—namely, the rising, the noonday height, and the setting of the sun. The metaphorical use of "bull" for "sun" is not surprising. The three strides next perhaps became three legs, and the bull on the Parisian monument really seems three-legged. A further transformation by the Celts of the legs into cranes were easily explained, for in Welsh *garan* means crane as well as leg (cf. *grus* and *crus*).

12. *Iartai :: [a]llanoitakos dēdē matrēbo namausikabo bratūdē*. This inscription is in the Greek character. It was found while repairing the fountain of Nîmes, and has been published in the *Revue archéologique* (Avril, 1858). Unfortunately the end of the first word and the beginning of the second are illegible. Dr. Siegfried translates thus: "Iartai :: [a]llanoitacus [Allanoitacus filius?] dedit\* Matribus Nemausicis ex iudicio" [ipsarum]. The "mothers" here mentioned are the tutelary goddesses of Nîmes. Similar goddesses, *Matres* or *Matronae*, are frequently mentioned in the Latin inscriptions of Gaul, and such, perhaps, were also revered by the Greeks of Engyium, a town in Sicily (See Plut. Marcell., 20).

The inscriptions hitherto considered are, with two exceptions, in the Roman character; and Cæsar having stated that the Gauls used the Greek letters in writing their language, we may fairly attribute most of these, almost the sole remaining relics of their literature, to the period intervening between Cæsar's conquest and the establishment of Christianity in France. The Old-Celtic inscriptions existing in Ireland are all in what is termed the Ogham character, respecting which we quote from Mr. Wilde's *Catalogue* a short notice by Dr. Graves, the Professor of Mathematics in the University of Dublin:—

The Ogham alphabet consists of lines, or groups of lines, variously arranged with reference to a single stem-line, [an *épon*?], or to an edge of the substance on which they are traced. The spectator looking at an upright Ogham monument, will in general observe groups of incised strokes of four different kinds:—

(1) groups of lines to the left; (2) others to the right of the edge; (3) other longer strokes crossing it obliquely; and (4) small notches upon the edge itself. The characters comprised in class (1) stand respectively for the letters B, L, F, S, N, according as they number 1, 2, 3, 4, or 5 strokes; those in (2) for H, D, T, C, Q, or CU; those in (3) for M, G, NG, ST, or Z, R; and those in (4) for the vowels A, O, U, E, I. Besides these twenty characters, there are five others occurring less frequently, and used to denote diphthongs and the letters P, X, and Y. In some instances the Ogham strokes are cut upon a face of the stone, instead of being arranged along an edge. In such cases an incised stem-line, or an imaginary line passing through the shortest or vowel strokes, takes the place of the edge.

Ogham inscriptions, in general, begin from the bottom, and are read upwards from left to right. Almost all those which have been deciphered present merely a proper name with its patronymic, both in the genitive case. The monuments appear for the most part to have been sepulchral in the first instance. But there is reason to suppose that they were used to indicate the proprietorship of land, either standing as boundary stones, or buried in crypts, as evidences to be referred to in case of disputes arising.

By far the greater number of the Ogham inscriptions discovered in Ireland have been found in the counties of Kerry and Cork. A few have been noticed in Wales and Scotland, and one in Shetland. Though several of the proper names occurring in the Irish Ogham monuments are to be met with in our annals and pedigrees, we doubt whether any of them have been yet so positively identified as to fix the time of the individuals whose memory it was intended thus to preserve.

To this lucid statement we have nothing to add, save that in the glossary attributed to Cormac (sub vv. *Fé* and *Ore treith*) mention is twice made of the use of Ogham by the pagan Irish. Next, that the word "Ogham" has been connected by Zeuss with *Ogmios*, the name of the Gallic Hercules, mighty, not with savage strength, but resistless eloquence, who is described in Lucian as an old man drawing a multitude along by the slender chains of gold and amber (*σευραὶ λεπτὰί χρυσοῦ καὶ ἡλέκτρον*) which joined his tongue to the ears of his auditors. Thirdly, that the presence of Q (KV) and Y in the Ogham alphabet, and the absence therefore of aspirated letters, tend to show that it must have been invented or introduced long before the eighth century, when the oldest existing Irish MSS. were written; for the language of these abounds in aspirated tenues, but affords no instance of the employment of the compound letter or semi-vowel in question. Lastly, that Dr. Graves is said to have deciphered Ogham inscriptions containing nominatives singular in *-as*, *-ias*, and *-os*.

13—16. The inscriptions quoted, and in three instances drawn, by Mr. Wilde, are the following:—(13) *Nocati magi magi re[ti]*, "the stone of Nocatas son of the son of Retas." (14) *Magi mucui uddami*, "the stone of the son of the descendant (? of Uddamas)." (15) *Curci*, "the stone of Curcas (= Old-Irish Core)." (16) *Magi magi atilogo*, "the stone of the son of the

\* It is not easy to say whether the reduplicated form *dēdē* is to be connected with Skr. *dādāmi* (Gr. *δίδωμι*) or Skr. *dādāmi* (Gr. *δίδωμι*).

son of Atilogadus." Above the last inscription is carved a cross within a circle. Its date is therefore possibly subsequent to the introduction of Christianity into Ireland. For *Atilogdo* (cf. *Ati-cotti*), Dr. Graves reads *APILOGDO*, which seems unceltic. The letter which he takes for *p* is almost identical with the *t* of the Todi and Salassan alphabets.

17, 18. None, perhaps, of the inscriptions hitherto quoted are as old as the two bilinguals found at Todi in Umbria, and drawn in Aufrecht and Kirchhoff's admirable *Umbrische Sprachdenkmäler*, Taf. 10 c. The carver of these, the sole recognised monuments of the dialect of the Italian Gauls, employed an imperfect alphabet—the West-Etruscan, according to Mommsen—which contained neither *d* nor *g*, or rather represented these medials and their corresponding tenuis by the same signs. The non-Latin parts of these inscriptions have been supposed to be Umbrian. But that this is an error will now be denied by none who know the grammar of that language, and who study the forms above adduced. Substituting *d* for *t*, and *g* for *k*, where such changes are necessary, and reading from left to right, the more perfect inscription runs as follows:—(17) *Ategnati drutikni karnidu ardua: kosis drutiknos*, "To the body (P) of Ategnatos [cf. Ategnata, Zeuss, 836], son of Drutos, Kosis, son of Drutos, erected this." The other inscription is mutilated; but only differed in stating that Kosis placed instead of erected: (18) *[At]egnati druti[kni kar]nidu lokan koi[sis dru]tiknos*.

Brief as are most of the foregoing linguistic monuments, the eye of a philologist cannot fail to detect in them the forms of at least seven declensions. The *a*-stems of the Sanskritist (the second declension of Latin and Greek) are represented in the nom. singular by *Segomāros, tarvos, Cernunnos, Licnos, Connextos* (cf. the Skr. root *taksh*), *Andecamulos, Dōiros, Oppianicnos, Toutissicnos, Drutiknos, and Iecavos*. It will be observed that in Gaulish masculines, as in Greek, the case-sign *s* is preserved, but the *a* with which these stems originally ended, is invariably (with the strange exceptions of the adjectives *trigaranus, Ioutius*) weakened into *o*. The termination of the gen. sing. of this declension—*Segomāri, Dannotati, Ategnati, Drutikni, maqi* (= O. Irish *maice*), *Necati, Uddami, Curci* (= O. Irish *Cuirce*), is identical with the Latin *-i*, which originally, according to Bopp, belonged solely to the locative. Compare the Oscan *mānūkei tereī*, "in terra communi," and the Latin *humi, domi, Corinthi*. And Bopp's theory is supported by the fact that in this declension in Old Irish, the locative is identical with the genitive. The datives in *u*—*Anadonnauu, Alisannu*, and, perhaps, *Brigindon [u]*—to be compared with Old Irish datives like *daum* (bovi), *fur* (viro), and Cornish, like *pyn* (capiti)\*—vary from the Old Latin datives in *-oi*, (populoi Romanoī), but agree remarkably with Oscan forms like *Maniūf, Abellanūf, Nūvlanūf*, and with Old Slavonic datives like *vītku*. In the accusative, Gaulish (cf. *celienon, canecosedlon, nemeton*), and Old Irish (cf. *dia(ā)* "God" = Skr. *dēvā-m*, Lat. *deu-m*, Greek *θεός-v*) follow Greek in changing the original *m* into *n*. The *u*mlaut in the nom. pl. of Old-Irish masc. *a*-stems (*maice*, "sons" = *maqi, baill*, "members" = *φαλλοι*), and the fact that such forms aspirate the aspirable initials of adjectives following and agreeing with them, point to that original termination in *-i*, of which an example occurs above in the Gaulish *senani*. Here Celtic differs from Sanskrit and Teutonic, but agrees with Latin and Greek (Lat. *i* (ei) *Gr. oi*), in discarding the organic form in *s*, and admitting the usurpation of a pronominal declension-ending. Examples of the other plural case-endings of this declension cannot yet be quoted. Old-Irish forms, however, like *dēa (ā)* "of gods," *ball (n)* "of members," show that the gen. in Old-Celtic must have ended in *ān*, *ōn* (Gr. *-ων*, but Goth. *-ō*). Old-Irish datives plural in *-a-i-b* (aspirating)†, seem to point to a Gaulish *-aibo*, where the termination *-bo*, for *-bhias* is = Skr. *-bhias*, Zend *-byō*; but Lithuanian *-mus*; Gothic *-m*; and Old-Irish accusatives in *u* (not aspirating), indicate a Gaulish masc. termination in *is* (= Gr. *-ους*).

So much for masculine and neuter *a*-stems. *Bēlēsami* is an example of the dat. sing. of a feminine *ā*-stem, *Belesama*, which agrees well with Old Latin forms like *equa-i* (= Skr. *āqvā-āi*). The dat. plur. is represented by *namausikābo*, where, as in Zend, the final *s* has been absorbed (cf. *hizvābyō* with Skr. *āqvābhyas*, Lat. *equābus*, and, as in Latin, the semivowel has been ejected from the case-ending.‡ *Alisēyā* exemplifies the abl. sing. of a fem. *yā*-stem. Here, as in the classical Latin *praedā*, Old Latin *praeda-d*, the original dental sound has been dropped. *i*-stems are represented in the nom. sing. by *Koisīs, Martialis* and *Namausatis*; the dat. and acc. sing. respectively by *Ucuetē* and *Ucuetin*. In this dative in *e* (ē?) Celtic corresponds with Sanskrit, Zend, and Umbrian. *Ucuetin* is of course to be compared with Greek forms like *πόρτι-v*. *U*-stems, which often occur in Gaulish names (cf. *δρυ-νίμερον*, "oak-fane," Bitu-riges, "world-kings," now Bourges, Vidu-casses "forest-hunters," *Καρού-γπατος* "battle-

son," Catu-slōgi, "battle-hosts,") are here exemplified in the nom. sing. by the name of the Gaulish deity *Esus*, which we find compounded in *Esu-nertus*. A word like *Esus*, or *Hesus*, as Lucan, I. 445, spells it, would in Welsh change the first *s* into *h*, and drop the case-sign. Accordingly a Welsh scholar has recognised it in the well-known *Hu gadarn* of the Triads. In the gen. *Atilogd-o* (if this be rightly read), one would have expected *-aus*, or *-ōs* (= an original gunated *-avas*). But the inscription containing this word is probably more modern than any of the others. *Brātū* in *brātū-de* is the abl. sing. of an *u*-stem, found in *Bratu-spantium* (Ir. *bráth*, Old Welsh *braut*). The *d* is dropped as in the classical Latin magistratū, Old Latin magistratū. *Villoneos* seems the gen. sing. of a diphthongal stem in *eu* (ev) like *Correus*, *Abareus* and the Greek *Βασίλειος*. Perhaps, however, it is a blunder for *Villonios*. Consonantal stems are here represented by the nom. plural *Euris-es*, a masc. stem in *s*: by the nom. sing. *Dugyontyo* (a stem in *-tion*, or *-tīon*, like *sta-tio*), by *[A]llanoitak-os*, probably the gen. sing. of a stem in *c* (k), where Gaulish would again agree with Greek in its weakening of the Skr. *a* (cf. *ἄν-ός* = Skr. *vāch-as*, but Lat. *voc-is*) and, lastly, by the dat. plur. *mātr-ē-bo*, a fem. stem in *tar*, which corresponds exquisitely with Zend forms like *māter-ē-byō*, Lat. *mātr-i-bus*. Many examples of Old-Celtic consonantal stems have been handed down to us by Greek and Roman writers. Thus of guttural-stems, *Segovax* (cf. Skr. *sahas*, strength, power) is a *c*-stem: *Toutiorix*, a name for Apollo (cf. Goth. *Thiudareiks* OHG. *Diotrich*) is a stem in *g*, as we see from plurals such as *Catu-riges* "battle-kings." So *Allobrox*, plur. *Allobroges*, "otherlanders." Labial-stems like *φλέψ* (φλέβ-ς) and *pleb-s*, seem not to occur: but dental-stems are exemplified by *Ὀρκαδ-ες*, *Atrebat-es*, "possessors," &c., by stems in *nt* like *Brigant-es* (= Skr. *brhantas*), *Trinobantes*, *Vulgent-es*, by stems in *n*, such as *Centron-ēs* (κεντρόφοροι) *Rédones*, *Brittones*, and *curmen*, *κούρμη*, *ῥέθρος ἀπὸ σίτρου*, the well-known Welsh *cwrw*, Irish *cuirn*, declined like a neuter *n*-stem. Examples of liquid-stems are *Arar*, *Oiárap* and *Diablintr-es*. In Old-Irish we find stems in *e, g, d, t, at* (= *ant*), *et* (= *ent*), *n*, and *r*. How many of these do Gothic and Slavonic possess?

The foregoing investigation is necessarily superficial. But it leads, we think, to the following conclusions:—First, that the oldest producible forms of Celtic exhibit a tolerably complete and clearly Indo-European declensional system. Secondly, that this system corresponds rather with those of the Græco-Italic languages than with those of the so-called Northern tongues—Gothic, Slavonic, and Lithuanian. An examination of the Celtic numerals and verbs would also bring us to the conclusion that the nearest relations of the Celts are to be sought for in Italy and Greece. Thirdly, that, although it is highly improbable that the ancient Irish originated the idea of reducing their speech to writing, it seems undeniable that, at a period when their language was in nearly the same stage of development as the Gaulish of the Pagan inscriptions above quoted, they employed an alphabet; which, apparently, was their own invention—which could not possibly, at so early a period, have been suggested by any form of Scandinavian runes—and which, by recognising a distinction between vowels and consonants, "furnishes," as Dr. Graves remarks, "internal evidence of its having been contrived by persons possessing some grammatical knowledge." We leave the reader to make the reflections which these conclusions naturally suggest.

## MASSEY'S POEMS.\*

MR. GERALD MASSEY is of course the very man to write about Burns, because he is, as they say, sprung from the people. He brought every popular attraction with him to his first publication; for it is not now, as in the days of Burns or Bloomfield, or even of Stephen Duck, that a man's verses are not read because he is a labourer, a weaver, or a thrasher. Much the reverse—it is the lord's verses which, *ex hypothesi*, must be bad, and the labourer's which must be good. Virtue is most virtuous when it is clothed in homespun, if not in rags. At any rate, there is no safer investment for a bookseller than to publish "the poems of a young man who," in a criticism attributed by Mr. Massey's publishers to the *Times*, but which we find it hard to believe could ever have appeared there, is said to have "fought his way to the Temple-gate sword in hand"—a feat which suggests to us that Mr. Massey's first appearance at Mr. Bogue's shop in Fleet-street in this bellicose fashion must have caused considerable astonishment to that respectable publisher. The people's poet, then, has every chance in his favour—he is secure of an audience who speaks from the crowd.

But the fact that a singer rises from the ranks, though it surrounds him at once with unusual sympathies, does not isolate him from criticism. If he has his special advantages, he has his special dangers. A certain narrowness of mind is inseparable from all self-taught geniuses. The education which experience of books and men alone can give is not superseded by any amount of individual gifts. The very consciousness of power tends to make all men, and especially poets, supercilious. As a class, they are impatient of others; and the living sense of power tends to make them contemptuous and rash. No unedu-

\* Robert Burns, a Centenary Song; and other Lyrics. By Gerald Massey. London: Kent (late Bogue), 1859.

\* See Lhuyl, *Archæol. Brit.* p. 242, where also may be found the Cornish *merh* (= marc), gen. of *marh*, a horse = Irish *mare* (gen. *maire*). The Irish dat. sing. in *i* is seen most clearly in masc. and neut. *ia*-stems, e.g. *duiniū* (homini), *criidiū* (cordi).

† At least in one instance: *dunaib chethrairib* (gl. quaternionibus) Book of Armagh, 178, b. 2, where *cethrairib* is = a Skr. *chaturvarēbhyas*, a Gaulish *petorvaraiho*. The Irish *-aib* may, indeed, stand for *-a-bi*, where *-bi* is from *-bis* ex *-bhias*, Skr. *-bhyas*: cf. *no-bis*, *vo-bis*.

‡ This seems to have happened also in the Celtic dative dual: cf. Old Irish *deib(n)*, *dib(n)* = Skr. *dvābhyam*, Gr. *δύοις*, but Lat. *duobus*, Old Norse *tvéimr*, where *r* stands for the plural ending *s*, as in *thrímur* = *tribus*.

cated man every attained the very highest rank in poetry; and Mr. Massey is no exception. We deny him the possession of neither fancy nor facility. He has an eye for external beauty; he can analyse his own feelings; he has an ear for melody and a bold and earnest spirit; and when he writes simply from his own heart, he writes with feeling and grace. But with the outer world of men he has a harsh and unsympathizing communion. He has heard that poets are kindled into poetry by wrong, and so he looks out for wrong as his theme. He seems to hold that the people's poet should have only an eye to the evils of society; on these he dwells, these he exaggerates, these he holds up to scorn and contempt. But this is at most only half of the poet's calling, if it is his at all. Mr. Gerald Massey can only see in a Lord's daughter—we are alluding to his Lady Laura—a bride for a factory spinner. In the great manufacturing life of nations, so prolific of substantial good and greatness to a country, and therefore so fit for the highest poet's reverent acceptance, he can see but—

Cheapness, Free Trade, and such Economy  
As suck their strength from human blood and tears;  
Feeding on beauty's cheek and childhood's spring;  
Shredding with wintry hand life's leafy prime.

And in politics and government he can only view, on the one side, a vast overpowering tyranny—on the other, an impotent people ("peoples" is, of course, his slang phrase) ground to powder by a rich and blood-sucking aristocracy. There is nothing, perhaps, to prevent a Socialist and a Chartist from being a poet. At any rate Alton Locke was tailor, chartist, and poet, according to Mr. Kingsley, and Mr. Massey exemplifies the same mental affinities. But their poetry is not the highest. The singer's mind is narrowed and the poetical faculty debased by making it the medium of this very narrow, and, after all, very selfish view of social relations. Ebenezer Elliott was better when he did not write on Corn-laws especially; and when Mr. Massey wrote "The Mother's Idol Broken," and more especially, that charming and delicious poem, "The White Rose of all the World"—that is, when he wrote from the heart, and not as the Tyrtæus of the *Morning Advertiser*—there were great hopes of him.

We regret to say that, like Mr. Dickens, Mr. Massey is forgetting his vocation and mistaking his powers. His recent collection of poems shows no improvement. His crudeness has become rough, his asperity is bitterness, his one-sidedness has hardened into vituperation, and he is debasing the poet into the tap-room sputter. He still might win an abiding place in literature if he would leave off politics. Not that we dislike his politics, on the whole—there is a sound English hatred in his denunciations of the French Emperor, and his estimate of Lord Palmerston differs but little from our own. Only there is a way of treating these things. They are scarcely the poet's subjects. Mr. Massey has been led astray by Mr. Kingsley. He has been told that the true poetry of the present age is in the workshops, and in the society of the million, and in debating-club orations on foreign politics, and in the domestic sociology of the nineteenth century; and so he does not consider it below the dignity of his calling and his powers to spin such doggerel as the following—which we object to, not because it is not in its way true, but because it is not the poet's function to say it. Here are two political *silhouettes*—the first is from his volume *Craigcrook Castle*, the last from his recent publication:—

So England hails the Saviour of Society, and will tarry at  
His feet, nor see his Christ is he who sold him, curst Iscariot.  
By grace of God, or sleight of hand, he wears the royal vesture,  
And at thy throne, Divine Success! we kneel with reverent gesture,

And bow, wow, wow,  
We may go to the Devil, so it's just as well to bow.

Ah, Louis, had you come to us despised and rejected,  
You might have gone to—Coventry, unnoticed and neglected;  
But as you've done one nation so, and left another undone,  
We kiss you, Sir, at Windsor, crown you more than king in London,  
And bow, wow, wow,  
We may go to the Devil, so it's just as well to bow.

The other is yet more amusing:—

Our greatest of men is Harlequin Pam,  
The *Times* says so, and the *Times* cannot bam!  
He bullies the weak, to the strong he's a slave;  
Best card in the pack, when the Despots play knave!  
How he jauntily trips up the Palace back-stair,  
To quiet the mob in the Public Square!  
Look up, what a firework of words red-hot!  
But lo! in the enemy's camp not a shot!  
Pam, Pam, you're a wonderful sham,  
And we can't do without you, old Harlequin Pam!  
England, this is the man for you!  
The *Times* says so, and it must be true.

But ere long another high wind will blow,  
Then ho! ho! but the crowns will go!  
And what will they do if this Judas of Freedom then  
Can't help the Despots who terribly need him then?  
Pam, Pam, you're a wonderful sham, &c. &c.

All this is funny enough; but if, when turned into prose, it means that the great social reform which Mr. Massey wants is a repetition of 1848, we beg to say that we have more sympathy with the bard who, as Mr. Massey does—and with an iteration which, though approaching to the tedious, is touching and natural, because the one string is, as in deep sorrow, monotonously

touched—tenderly and truly paints his own pretty tale of love, and marriage, and bereavement, than with a politician of this fuliginous hue, though he be, as he tells us in his preface, one who can speak of himself as "we who kicked out the Conspiracy Bill." We are very glad that the Conspiracy Bill was kicked out, but it was not kicked out by Mr. Massey's "we," and we wish him a better calling than to be the bard of the coming Red Republic.

The first piece in the present collection is one of the defeated Prize Poems for the Burns Celebration at the Crystal Palace. It stood fourth in the award, and strikes us as being neither much better nor worse than Miss Isa Craig's crowned ode. It is to the full as exaggerated, and not worse in metre—a halting, stumbling, trailing, *plusquam* Alexandrian, as thus:—

Although your mortal face is veiled behind the spirit-wings,  
You draw us up to Heaven—the Lark, when its music in him sings:  
You fill our souls with tender awe, you make our faces shine;  
You brim our cup with kindness here, for sake of Auld Lang Syne, &c.

And, as in the prize poem, there is in Mr. Massey's verses the same exaggeration of the poetic rank of his hero, and the same ethical falsity of representing the coarseness, the lack of education, the intemperance, the absence of self-control, and the passionate uncalculating nature of Burns as the sources of his greatness, rather than what they were—actual abatements and abuses of his undeniable gifts. In the poem, "The Old Flag," we recognise, with the political defects we have pointed out, a true and earnest English spirit; and at least one stanza in which the French Emperor is alluded to is neatly put, and because less ardent in language, is happy and almost prophet-like:—

The Tyrant sometimes waxeth strong,  
To drag a fate more fearful down;  
He violates Justice, who ere long  
Shall see Eternal Justice frown.  
The Kings of Crime from near and far  
Shall come to crown him with their crown;  
Under the shadow of doom, his star  
Shall redden, and go down.

An ode on Captain Peel, "Sir Robert's Sailor Son," is quite in the right spirit. As to the slighter and non-political poems, we regret to be unable to trace any signs of growth. They would have been pleasant reading in Mr. Massey's first volume—they are disappointing in his third. There is nothing in his present collection which supports the promise of the "Mother's Idol Broken," itself no unworthy echo of the "In Memoriam"—nothing in the patriotic songs which sustains the ring of "Glimpses of the War." In fact, this collection—a sumptuous quarto—looks rather as if it had been well paid for, and made up for sale, for the most part, from the rejected pieces of the previous volume. Mr. Massey has not forgotten his mannerism; and a certain slang of the spasmodic school clings to him. For example, there is the use of the word "grand," which is as certainly a Shibboleth in these teachers as the recognised "Come to Jesus" is in Evangelical sermons. We doubt if there is one of these poems which does not apply the word "grand" in a moral sense, which it never bore till about twelve years ago. Burns' eyes are—

Sweet and clear, and calm and grand as are the eyes of heaven.

"Scotland's music" is "sorrowfully grand." The British Lion is of course "grand;" so are our sea cliffs; so are "the praying peoples." To Captain Peel he can but say, "You grow so grand," which in the ordinary sense of the word is scarcely a compliment. When he turns "God Save the Queen" into "God bless our Land," Mr. Massey cannot but pray—

God bless our native land,  
Glorious, and grave, and grand.

And we are to—

Lead her in triumph grand,  
Our leal old land.

Hugh Miller's was—

—the grandest head in all Scotland.

Nor is this a mere verbal criticism. Mr. Massey uses this adjective, not because it conveys any substantial and characterizing meaning, but simply because it is vague and sonorous. That is to say, he conceals poverty of thought in haziness of expression, as do many of his school. He says "grand" because he has no very distinct meaning at all. Much of the poetry of the day is difficult to make out, for the best of all reasons, that there is nothing to make out. It is obscure in sense, because there is but little sense; it is involved in construction, because the writer does not think clearly; it is hard to construe, because the writer puts his no-meaning into bad grammar.

#### MRS. ELLIOTT'S JOURNAL.\*

FAMILIAR as is the story of the days of Jacobin Terror, it seems always fresh and new when we come across any narrative bringing before us the sufferings and fears of individuals, and the actual experience of any of the frightened thousands who watched the "national razor" always going, and expected every moment to be themselves suspected of being suspected. Mrs. Elliott's narrative is interesting, because it gives very

\* *Journal of my Life during the French Revolution.* By Grace Dalmple Elliott. London: Bentley. 1859.

briefly facts that occurred within her own personal knowledge. She had to go through the three great trials of the time—the experience of waiting to be caught, the experience of prison, and the experience of preparing for death. Without displaying any very remarkable qualities, her journal indicates that she possessed much good sense and much tenderness of heart. Her narrative has also the attraction that it is written by an Englishwoman who views and writes of Paris in the spirit of a foreign and impartial judge, and that its author had an acquaintance with the best society, and stood in the most intimate relation to one, at least, of the great personages of whom she speaks. She appears to have been successively the mistress of the Prince of Wales and of the Duke of Orleans, and she speaks very freely of the latter. She strove hard to keep the unhappy man from his foolish and wicked alliance with the enemies of his family, but he was in the hands of followers who urged him on until he had taken the fatal plunge, and voted for the death of the King. Mrs. Elliott gives a very graphic account of an interview she had with the Duke, when he pledged "his sacred word of honour" not to go to the Convention when sitting in judgment on the King. She seems to have been most genuinely shocked at the atrocious vote by which this sacred word of honour was broken. "I never felt such horror for anybody in my life," she says, "as I did at that moment at the Duke's conduct. I had always flattered myself that the Duke of Orleans was misled, and saw things in a wrong light; now, however, all that illusion was over. I even threw the things he had given me, which I had in my pockets and in my room, out of it, not daring to stay near anything that had been his." Nothing is more remarkable throughout the book than the right principles, sound judgment, and religious feeling of the author. Mrs. Elliott did not permit her *liaison* to impair her moral standard, and is more severe, perhaps, in scrutinizing the conduct of the Duke of Orleans than in speaking of any one else.

Mrs. Elliott's general account of the vote given by the Duke deserves examination, because it shows how difficult it is to trust the testimony of persons speaking from their own personal recollection, professing to have a minute remembrance of what happened, and giving to all appearance a very sober and straightforward account. Mrs. Elliott says that, on Thursday, the 17th January, 1793, the Duke of Orleans, accompanied by the Duc de Biron, came to her house. She asked the former what he thought of the trial, then going on, and said that she hoped he did not "go near such vile miscreants." He replied that he was obliged to go, as he was a deputy. She remonstrated very warmly, and the Duke seemed out of humour, but the Duc de Biron said that the Duke would not vote:—"The King has used him very ill all his life; but he is his cousin, therefore he will feign illness and stay at home on Saturday, the day of the *Appel Nominal* which is to decide on the King's fate." Mrs. Elliott entreated the Duke not to go to the Convention on Saturday. He said that he certainly would not go, and gave his sacred word of honour. Mrs. Elliott informs us that she saw nobody on the Friday. "Every one seemed anxious for the termination of this abominable trial, though few expected it would end as it did." On the Saturday she received a note from the Duc de Biron, asking her to go to him in the evening. She went at half-past seven, and found every one very dismal. A list was sent in every half-hour, and "we all saw with agony that many had voted for the King's death." It was announced that the Duke of Orleans had entered the Convention, and Mrs. Elliott "feared much that he was going to vote for the seclusion, for I never thought of worse." And she adds—"However, every list was more and more alarming, till at about ten o'clock, the sad and fatal list arrived with the King's condemnation and with the Duke of Orleans' dishonour."

What account could seem more simple, truthful, and consecutive, and yet, except as a very general outline, it is demonstrably false. Mrs. Elliott says, that on Thursday morning, the Duke of Orleans came to her, and treated the voting of the Convention as something in the future. The Duc de Biron informed her that the *Appel Nominal* was fixed for the Saturday. Really, the voting by *Appel Nominal* had already begun on the Wednesday evening, and had continued through the night. On Friday, she says, "every one seemed anxious for the termination of the trial, though few expected that it would end as it did." The voting was over on the Thursday night, and the punishment of Death pronounced on the King. The vote taken on Saturday was not whether the King should be put to death, which was already quite settled, but whether any delay should be allowed; and the vote given by the Duke of Orleans on the Saturday evening was against delay. It was not until three on Sunday morning that the result of the voting was announced, and "death within twenty-four hours" was declared to be the result. There could not be a more striking instance of the inaccuracy of human testimony. We may be sure that on some day or other the Duke of Orleans solemnly promised Mrs. Elliott to abstain from voting; we may be sure that on some evening, and probably as she says on the Saturday evening, she was at the Duc de Biron's, and the dishonourable vote of the Duke of Orleans was there announced to her. But all the details fade into the dimmest haze. The Duc de Biron could never have spoken on the Thursday of the *Appel Nominal* as a future thing. It was impossible to anticipate that there would be any voting at all on the Saturday; the state of mind in which the Parisians are represented to have passed the Friday is wholly imaginary; the whole party at the Duc de Biron's on Saturday evening must

have known that the King was already condemned, and the final list could not have arrived for many hours after ten o'clock. These inaccuracies, startling as they are, do not diminish the general value and interest of Mrs. Elliott's narrative. We are equally interested to know that she obtained from him a sacred promise of abstention, and that she bitterly felt his dishonour. But errors so great show how much we must guard against the testimony even of an unprejudiced narrator speaking of facts at first hand, and may give us some idea of the vast trouble which has to be undergone by an accurate and painstaking historian like Mr. Carlyle, whose patient sifting of all kind of evidence supplies us with the means of checking the statements of random though truthful narrators like Mrs. Elliott.

Until we examine carefully the history of the French Revolution, we are apt to forget how long the time was which elapsed between the beginning and the end of the Reign of Terror. It began with the attack on the Tuileries and destruction of the Swiss Guard on the 10th of August, 1792, and ended with the death of Robespierre on the 28th of July, 1794. Thus there were, within a very few days, two years of this dreadful time, during which Mrs. Elliott's life was in constant danger, and she herself, even before her committal to prison, was a prey to unending anxiety, and was exposed to the capricious insolence of the armed mob. It is the protractedness of this torturing suspense which forces itself on us more than anything else as we read her journal. Nor had she only herself to take care of. For a considerable portion of the time the Duke of Orleans was supposed to have influence with the Jacobins, for whom he had sacrificed his honour and his conscience; and Mrs. Elliott was beset with applications from Royalists to aid their escape by obtaining secret assistance from the Duke. The petitioners were quite mistaken in attributing any real power to him; and, long before he was sent off to Marseilles, he had been under constant surveillance, and his fate lay as plain before him as before any of the hunted Royalists who were trying to get from Paris to England. Mrs. Elliott's attachment to the Royal family, her hatred of Jacobinism, and her kindness of heart were, however, good reasons why the Royalists should confide in her, and she went through the very greatest peril in order to protect the ex-Governor of the Tuileries, the Marquis de Chansenet. The wretched man had escaped from the slaughter of the 10th of August, and had been hidden in the roof of a house, where an English lady of his acquaintance had sheltered him. His hidingplace became known, and he was transferred to the care of Mrs. Elliott. He was very ill, and could scarcely stand; and Mrs. Elliott had a Jacobin cook, who would have denounced him and her on the slightest suspicion. On the first night after Chansenet had come to her, she received one of the dreadful domiciliary visits which made the life of all Parisians a misery to them. The account of this visit is very interesting, and shows the wonderful courage and self-possession of which women are capable in the most trying moments, and what a grand faculty they have of telling and acting lies in a good cause. Chansenet, who "was almost in fits and in a deplorable state," was put between the mattresses of Mrs. Elliott's bed. She got in, and thus prevented any appearance of a person being hid. She then prepared for the visit. Her curtains were festooned up, and chandeliers and candelabras, twenty candles in all, were lit. In order to disarm suspicion, Mrs. Elliott made the terrible cook sit by her bedside all night. At last the guards, who had a strong suspicion that Chansenet was in the house, arrived. When they entered Mrs. Elliott's room, "the candles were all alight, day was breaking and the room looked more like a ball-room than a scene of the horrors that were passing." She addressed them very confidently, and said that, if they wished, she would get up and herself conduct them about the house. She added that she "was sure they must be fatigued, and proposed wine or liqueurs and cold pie to them." Her politeness had its effect, and they permitted her to lie still, and only felt the top and the foot of the bed. In the end she succeeded in getting rid of them, and then she and her maid unpacked Chansenet, who "was as wet as if he had been in a bath, and speechless." Her efforts were ultimately quite successful. Chansenet was enabled by the Duke of Orleans to escape from Paris, and he lived to return with the Bourbons, and be once more Governor of the Tuileries.

Mrs. Elliott was arrested on the charge of having undertaken to convey a letter that was to be transmitted secretly to England. But the letter, fortunately, was directed to Fox, and as she was corroborated by independent witnesses in her assertion that Fox was a great patriot, and very fond of the Revolutionary party in France, she was released. But when the Duke of Orleans' hour was come and he was arrested, she was immediately arrested too, on no other apparent ground than that of her acknowledged intimacy with the Duke. The account of her life in the miserable filthy prison of Paris is touching and horrible, but is like many other accounts that have been given before. The portion in which she speaks of her chance companionship in misfortune with Josephine Beauharnais will attract most attention. Josephine had long been separated from her first husband, and they had not met for years when the Marquis de Beauharnais was brought to the prison of the Carmes, and there found his wife. At first there was a little awkwardness; but this soon wore off, and they were excellent friends. The Marquis de Custine and his wife shared their imprisonment, and all were filled with sorrow when the gallant, handsome, young Marquis was led off to the scaffold, and all felt for the profound, absorbing grief of

Madame de Custine. But, as Mrs. Elliott says, Madame de Custine was not only young and pretty, but she was a Frenchwoman, and she admitted very speedily the idea of a possible consolation. Josephine's husband was the consoler; and so ardent and rapid was the consequent attachment, that not only did Josephine choose to be jealous, but when the Marquis de Beauharnais was soon afterwards guillotined, Madame de Custine mourned over him even more deeply and demonstratively than she had mourned over her husband. Mrs. Elliott also made another strange acquaintance in prison. She received great politeness and kindness from Santerre, the executioner of the King, who "sent her a pound of the finest green tea she ever drank, and some sugar." And good tea must have been a treat in a prison where the prisoners had nothing given them but pickled herrings, of which a vast quantity had been sent to the Republican authorities by the Dutch, in discharge of a State debt. Mrs. Elliott was saved from death by the fall of Robespierre, but her journal stops short just before the account of her release. Some relative has added a sketch of her subsequent career; and lovers of scandal may like to know that after mixing in the higher circles of Paris during the Consulate and the Empire, she returned to England, renewed her intimacy with the Prince of Wales, and even, to the horror and indignation of the Duke of Cambridge, quartered the royal arms on her carriage. In the course of time she returned once more to France, and there lived in retirement till her death.

NOTE.—The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

**ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.—Last week but One of the Pantomime.—The Public is respectfully informed, that Mr. and Mrs. C. KEAN'S ANNUAL BENEFIT will take place on MONDAY, MARCH the 23rd, when will be produced the last Shakspearian revival under the existing management.

The following are the intermediate arrangements:—  
HAMLET, on Monday, March the 7th; on Monday the 14th; and (last time) on Wednesday the 23rd.

LOUIS THE ELEVENTH, on Tuesday, March the 8th; on Wednesday the 16th; on Monday the 21st, and (last time) on Friday the 25th.

MACBETH, on Thursday, March the 10th; and on Thursday (last time) the 17th.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, on Friday, March the 11th; on Tuesday the 15th; on Friday the 18th; on Tuesday the 22nd; and on Thursday the 24th.

THE COSSIGAN BROTHERS, on Saturday, March the 12th; on Saturday the 19th; and with (last time) A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, on Tuesday and Thursday the 22nd and 24th.

\* These plays will not be reproduced, with the exception, perhaps, of one or two representations only towards the termination of the Management in the latter part of the month of July.

**PROFESSOR OWEN**, Superintendent of the Natural History Department, British Museum, will deliver a Course of TWELVE LECTURES on "FOSSIL FISHES," in the Theatre of the MUSEUM OF PRACTICAL GEOLOGY, Jermyn-street, on THURSDAYS and FRIDAYS, at half-past Two, commencing on the 10th March, 1859. Tickets to be had at the Museum, Jermyn-street. Fee for the course, 5s.

**"CHRIST AT GOLGOTHA."**—This Picture, believed to be one of the finest works of Raphael d'Urbino, and which has recently been discovered in an old castle in Silesia, is NOW ON VIEW at 52, REGENT-STREET. Hours, One till Four. Admission, 1s. To be sold for £1500.

**THE FRIEND OF THE CLERGY CORPORATION.**—Supported by Voluntary Contributions. For allowing Permanent Pensions, of not less than £30 and not exceeding £40 per annum, to the Widows and Orphan Unmarried Daughters of Clergymen of the Established Church; and for affording Temporary Assistance to Neccessitous Clergymen and their Families throughout England, Wales, and Ireland.

President.—The Most Noble the Marquis of SALISBURY, K.G. Lord-Lieutenant of Middlesex.

The ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL will be celebrated at the LONDON TAVERN, Bishopsgate-street, on MONDAY, March 7, 1859.

His Grace the Duke of MARLBOROUGH in the Chair.

**FIRST LIST OF STEWARDS.**  
His Grace the Duke of Manchester.  
His Grace the Duke of Wellington.  
The Right Hon. the Earl of Chichester.  
The Right Hon. Earl Fitzwilliam.  
The Right Hon. and Rev. the Earl of Guilford.  
The Right Hon. the Earl of Lichfield.  
The Right Hon. the Earl of Manservants.  
The Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury.  
The Right Hon. the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot.  
The Right Hon. Lord Palmerston.  
The Right Hon. Lord Poltimore.  
The Right Hon. Lord William Powlett, M.P.  
The Ven. Archdeacon Bentinck.  
Sir James Duke, Bart. M.P.  
Sir A. G. Hazlerigg, Bart.  
The Hon. and Rev. H. Bertie, D.C.L.  
The Hon. George Byng, M.P.  
The Hon. and Rev. H. C. Cust.  
The Hon. P. S. Pierrepont.  
J. H. Phillips, Esq., M.P.  
Admiral Vernon Harcourt.  
Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Hale.  
Mr. Sheriff Conder.  
Mr. Sergeant Payne.  
B. E. Arden, Esq.  
H. Barnett, Esq.  
H. Brooks, Esq.  
T. H. Day, Esq.  
J. Calverley, Esq.

The ANNIVERSARY SERMON will be Preached (D.V.) at ALL SOULS' CHURCH, Langham-place, on WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 23, 1859, by the Very Rev. the Dean of WESTMINSTER.

REV. JOHN E. COX, M.A., F.S.A. } Hon. Secs.  
JAMES NEWTON GOREN, Esq., M.A. }  
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### LONDON DIOCESAN HOME MISSION.

President.—The Right Hon. and Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP of LONDON.  
A PUBLIC MEETING will be held in EXETER HALL on MONDAY EVENING, 7th March, at Seven o'clock.

The Lord BISHOP of LONDON in the Chair.

The following speakers will address the meeting:—The Lord Bishop of Ripon, the Lord Ebury, Vice-Chancellor Sir W. P. Wood, the Rev. Dr. McNeill, the Rev. D. Moore, and J. C. Colquhoun, Esq.  
Cards of Admission to the Reserved Seats (the number of which is limited) may be had on application at the office.

Diocesan Home Mission, 79, Pall Mall, (No. 8.) J. COMYNS COLE, Sec.  
February 18th, 1859.

### LONDON DIOCESAN HOME MISSION.

President.—The Right Hon. and Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP of LONDON.  
LENT LECTURES.—SPECIAL SERVICES for WORKING PEOPLE will be held in the Parish Church of ST. PANCRAS, on every Wednesday Evening during Lent, when Sermons will be preached as under:—

March 9. Ash Wednesday.—The Lord BISHOP of RYPON.

March 16.—Rev. D. MOORE, M.A., Incumbent of Camden Church, Camberwell.

March 23.—Rev. J. STROOKS, M.A., Incumbent of St. Ann's, Highgate.

March 30.—The Lord BISHOP of OXFORD.

April 6.—Rev. J. E. KEMP, M.A., Rector of St. James's.

April 13.—The Dean of CHICHESTER.

April 20.—Rev. H. HUTTON, M.A., Rector of St. Paul's, Covent-garden.

Divine Service will commence at eight o'clock. All Seats Free.

E. PARRY, Hon. Sec. T. P. DALE, Vicar of St. Pancras.

Diocesan Home Mission, 79, Pall Mall, March 4th, 1859.

### LONDON DIOCESAN HOME MISSION.

President.—The Right Hon. and Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP of LONDON.  
LENT LECTURES.—SPECIAL SERVICES for WORKING PEOPLE will be held in the Parish Church of ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS, on the following Wednesday evenings, when Sermons will be preached as under:—

March 9 (Ash Wednesday).—Rev. Dr. HESSY, Preacher to Gray's Inn, and Head Master of Merchant Taylor's School.

March 16.—Rev. T. JACKSON, M.A., Rector of Stoke Newington.

March 23.—Rev. F. MOORE, M.A., St. John's, Birmingham.

March 30.—Ven. Archdeacon SINCCLAIR, M.A., Vicar of Kensington.

April 6.—Rev. D. MOORE, M.A., Incumbent of Camden Church, Camberwell.

April 13.—Rev. D. GOULBURN, Incumbent of Quebec Chapel, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Oxford.

April 20.—Rev. J. RASHDALL, M.A., Incumbent of Eaton Chapel.

Divine Service will commence at Eight o'clock. All Seats Free.

EDWARD PARRY, Hon. Sec. W. GILSON HUMPHRY, Vicar of St. Martin's.

J. COMYNS COLE, Sec.

Diocesan Home Mission, 79, Pall Mall, 4th March, 1859.

### LONDON DIOCESAN HOME MISSION.

President.—The Right Hon. and Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP of LONDON.  
LENT LECTURES.—SPECIAL SERVICES for WORKING PEOPLE will be held in the Parish Church of ST. PAUL'S, DEPTFORD, on the following Wednesday evenings, when Sermons will be preached as under:—

March 9 (Ash Wednesday).—Rev. J. RASHDALL, M.A., Incumbent of Eaton Chapel.

March 16.—Rev. J. RICHARDSON, M.A., St. Mary's, Bury St. Edmunds.

March 23.—Rev. W. R. COSINS, M.A., Secretary to Additional Curates' Society.

March 30.—Rev. C. LEE, M.A., Incumbent of Dilston, Birmingham.

April 6.—Rev. F. W. DAVIS, Incumbent of St. Peter's, Manchester.

April 13.—Rev. J. BURBRIDGE, Curate of Netherthorpe, Sheffield.

April 20.—Rev. C. CLAYTON, M.A., Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge; Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Ripon.

Divine Service will commence at Eight o'clock. All Seats Free.

Come in your Working Clothes.

EDWARD PARRY, Hon. Sec. B. S. FFINCH, Rector of St. Paul's.

J. COMYNS COLE, Sec.

Diocesan Home Mission, 79, Pall Mall, 4th March, 1859.

### LONDON DIOCESAN HOME MISSION.

President.—The Right Hon. and Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP of LONDON.  
LENT LECTURES.—SPECIAL SERVICES for WORKING PEOPLE will be held in the Parish Church of ST. BARNABAS, HOMERTON, on every Wednesday evening during Lent, when Sermons will be preached as under:—

March 9 (Ash Wednesday).—Rev. J. CONNELL, M.A., Incumbent of St. Barnabas.

March 16.—Rev. E. PARRY, M.A., Rector of Acton, and Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of London.

March 23.—Rev. Dr. F. HESSY, Incumbent of St. Barnabas, Kensington.

March 30.—Rev. W. V. COSINS, M.A., Secretary to the Assistant Curates' Society.

April 6.—Rev. Professor BROWN, M.A., Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.

April 13.—Rev. W. KNIGHT, M.A., Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford; Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of London.

April 20.—The Lord BISHOP of LONDON.

Divine Service will commence at Eight o'clock. All Seats Free.

LONDON DIOCESAN HOME MISSION.

President.—The Right Hon. and Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP of LONDON.  
LENT LECTURES.—SPECIAL SERVICES for WORKING PEOPLE will be held in TRINITY CHURCH, Trinity-square, NEWINGTON BUTTS, on every Thursday evening during Lent, when Sermons will be preached as under:—

March 10.—Rev. T. JACKSON, M.A., Rector of Stoke Newington.

March 17.—Rev. J. RICHARDSON, M.A., St. Mary's, Bury St. Edmunds.

March 24.—Rev. F. MOORE, M.A., St. John's, Birmingham.

March 31.—Rev. C. LEE, Incumbent of Dilston, Birmingham.

April 7.—Rev. F. W. DAVIS, Incumbent of St. Peter's, Manchester.

April 14.—Rev. J. BURBRIDGE, M.A., Curate of Netherthorpe, Sheffield.

April 21.—Rev. W. McCALL, Incumbent of St. Mary's, St. George's-in-the-East.

Divine Service will commence at Eight o'clock. All Seats Free.

EDWARD PARRY, Hon. Sec. D. A. MOULLIN, Incumbent of Trinity.

J. COMYNS COLE, Sec.

Diocesan Home Mission, 79, Pall Mall, 4th March, 1859.

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**GEOLOGY and MINERALOGY.**—Elementary Collections, which greatly facilitate the study of these interesting branches of Science, can be had at 2, 5, 10, 20, 50, to 100 Guineas each, of J. TENNANT, Mineralogist to Her Majesty, 149, Strand, London. Also, Geological Maps, Hammers, Books, &c. Mr. TENNANT gives Private Instruction in Mineralogy and Geology.

**WILLIAM SMEE and SONS** respectfully announce that their **SPRING MATTRESS**, Tucker's Patent, or Sommer Tucker (which obtained the Prize Medal at the recent Exhibition at Dijon, and which is being so extensively adopted in this country, and throughout the Continent), may be obtained of any respectable Upholsterer or Bedding Warehouseman.

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